TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XXXIV. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1881. NO. 4.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY F. HUNTINGTON RUNNELS.

Stand 'neath the glow of the virgin Spring,
Gaze deep in her tear-wet eyes;
Mark the wondrous gleam of her out-spread wing,
The luminous depth of her skies,
Reflect on the glorious all at of God,
And the rapturous soul it bears,
Far up from the grand awakening sod,
The Music of the Spheres!

Blend with the union of earth and skies
In the radiant power of dawn,
When all the children of light arise,
And welcome the day new-born!
What anthems of transport encircle thy brow,
Deep till thy enchanted ears!
Is it heaven in the realistic now,
This harmony of Spheres!

Repose on the breast of earth, unfurled
At the silent demise of light;
Hark to the ceaseless throb of worlds,
And the pulsing stars of night!
Lay thy throbbing head to the heart of earth
That beats thro' the changeful years,
And thy soul awakes to a nobler birth—
To the Music of the Spheres!

Stand on the verge of the trackless deep,
As it waits on His command;
'Tis tranquil now, with the storms asleep,
But they rise at His signal hand.
And whether in tempest or lull supreme,
We may calm all troubled fears,
For clear o'er the billow's fitful gleam
Comes the concord of the Spheres!

Stand everywhere, at the self same hour—
In the earth or the utmost skies,—
If ascend no echo or thrill of power,
Nor chord of thy soul replies,
The heaven of symphony blent with earth
Is ravished on death-cold ears,
And thy soul is dead to that heavenlier truth,
To the Music of the Spheres!

Sanborntom, N. C.

Our Story Teller.

THE MUMMY-TRADER.

A Novel of the Nile.

BY CHEVALIER DE VINCENTE.

Translated for the Blade,
BY ANNIE AUSPURGER.

I.

The scene of the story I am about to relate lies in the land of the eternal, scorching sunlight, where statues sound, sphinxes smile and sacred flowers bloom. —a story of paradise-born Nile. Five times since our bark had landed at Luxor, had the April sun sunk behind the Necropolis of the City of the Kings; we have crept through gigantic temple skeletons, where the Pharaohs had addressed their forgotten idols; we had with reluctant foot entered the pillared halls where once those awful demi-gods had dwelt whose brows crowned with golden helmets never bowed to the earth, who, in dread silence, spoke by symbols alone, and were never seen to smile. Then, too, the left bank had unlocked to us its Hypogees; the Colossi, the Rhamseion, the Sphinx avenue and the desolate Vale of Death of the Theban Dynasty had been inspected with heroic perseverance. We had visited the sepulchers in the distant Vale of the West, and vouchsafed the Cemetery of the Ages but a glance from afar that we might finish our circuit with the Tombs of the Queens.

It is frightfully desolate there. The catacombs are black with the marks of one of those subterranean conflagrations which are too often occasioned or furthered by the carelessness of the fatalistic Arabs! Strange! We plainly noticed that our guide showed us these halls of the dead with evident aversion and uneasiness as if some great curse rested upon them. Not until we had ended our brief visit did the men regain their former composure. On our return to Medinet Abu, I asked Battista, the interpreter, the reason of this timidity so unusual in the natives.

Battista smiled. "Ask Temsah," he answered.

"Who is Temsah?"

"An old Moghrebian, who has been digging for treasures for 30 years, and has crowned his efforts by getting an Abyssinian ass blind of an eye."

"Where does this poor treasure-digger live?"

Battista stretched out his hand toward Luxor and said: "Over there by the obelisk."

The bare Sybian mountain chain was shrouded in the deep purple of the evening haze when we landed at Luxor.

In the charming villa of the French consular agent, close to the temple, we found the table already decked for us by the most amiable hospitality.

As the conversation soon turned exclusively to excavations, antiquities and mummies, I asked the consular agent about the strange fear shown by the Arabs at the Tombs of the Queens, and he, too, answered like Battista with the name "Temsih." According to a general wish our courteous host immediately sent for the Moghrebian, and soon after appeared the odd fellow, whom the Arabians—probably on account of the two dazzling white, enormous canine teeth in his far-protruding jaw—had given the cognomen Temsih, *i. e.*, crocodile. Temsih had dug up mummies his whole life and had become a mummy himself. Age, uncertain as that of a mummy; at any rate he must have been of ancient date; eyes staring and glassy, like enamel, mummy-eyes; chest and legs bare, tanned a mummy-brown by the sun. A blue cloth around his forehead, soiled white caleoons about his loins, rhombic, blooded glass, beads in his ears. This was Temsih.

Temsih stared at the company as if just awaking from a sleep of ages, but the magic word "Bachshish" inspired him with breath and life. A few words from Battista's lips informed him of his task, a glass of raki did its duty, and so he began to narrate what was to him, in part at least, a youthful reminiscence. I can only give the substance, not the character of the tale which he delivered in disjointed sentences and bizarre gestures.

II.

We shall go back about 25 years, to the time when Mehemet Ali had not yet constituted the robbery of the catacombs of the Nile a state monopoly. At that time none of those who engaged in the mummy traffic in Thebes enjoyed such a popularity as Jani, a Greek, who, at first, had ostensibly directed excavations for the Swedish Consul.

Jani dealt in genuine and spurious antiquities in general, in mummies in particular. His collection of mummies offered a fine, tempting assortment to the amateur. The Greek's dwelling was wholly in accordance with his merchandise, a small house standing on the slope of a sand-hill and built against the grey rock facing one of the numerous entrances of the Hypogees where the Princesses of the three last Theban Dynasties repose in their granite temples. Jani loved his mummies with an affection akin to parental tenderness, the gold of the Milords with passion, but he worshiped his daughter Smaragda with true fetichism. For the blooming graces of his fifteen-year-old Smaragda, the Greek would have given the embalmed charms of all the Pharaoic daughters with their three thousand years, that had ever been torn from the asylums of the Nile by the grave despoilers of all the nations since the days of Cambyses. And Smaragda's charms were worthy of a special worship.

The Cinderilla foot of Rhodopis would hardly have found room in the pearl-embroidered slipper of Jani's daughter. Nofre Ari, the bride of the great Sesostris's youth, would have envied the fair graces of Maragda's form, and Bathlanti, the darling of the hoary Pharaoh, would have forfeited the magic of her incomparable, imperishable beauty, of which the papyrus scroll tells us, in comparison with the young Greek girl's loveliness.

But Jani guarded his pearl. Only one man, save the happy father, could boast of having seen the radiant countenance of Smaragda, and this one boasted not, for he had become "melbus," *i. e.*, he had lost his mind. Poor "Nimr!" When the people of Kum el Bayrat saw the motionless figure of a man standing in the burning sun, they would say: "Behold, Nimr, el melbus!"

If the ass drivers of the landing place of the "Sycamore" on their way to the "Idols," found a figure covering on the ground, its face buried in the scorching sand, they cried amid laughter: "Ho! Nimr, what are the moles saying?" If the negro who let his shaduf groan up and down, occasionally saw a ragged fellow wandering through the tall grain, he would murmur: "What ails Nimr, the hyena hunter, that his gun has been silent so long?" And the women of Kurnah, when they descended to the sacred river in the evening, the swelling water-pitchers on their brown shoulders, found the solitary "Melbus" lying among the high rushes, "Poor Nimr," they would whisper to each other, as they filled their vessels, "he is watching for the golden skiff with the silver white woman within, drawn by a blue fish!"

To reach Jani's spacious museum, one was obliged to enter his dwelling first, where Temsih—our narrator was at that time in the Greek's service—was accustomed to show the visitors down a low, narrow hall, whose rough walls oozed forth a fatty, sticky moisture. This passage led to a spacious, moderately high rotunda, on whose bright walls the Egyptian fresco-painters had immortalized a fragment of national life in glowing tints.

Here, lying upon a cordovan mat by the light of a lantern, the small man with the snowy astrologer's beard and silver-white kaftan, received the noble customers. His cherished mummies in their painted boxes of sycamore and cedar, were disposed around like fantastic dolls, toys of a vanished race of Titans. Some appeared so life-like, sadly smiling, with eyes of moist crystal; others again rested, gently reclining, like weary, slumbering devotees with withered eye-lids. Here and there stood earth vases with lids shaped like dog, hawk or jackal heads, containing mummy bowels; fragments of all kinds and oddly-fashioned vessels strewed the floor.

Smaragda lived alone, a concealed *rara avis* in a cage, with an old Nubian, her nurse. From time to time Jani appeared with some unique jewel which his treasure-diggers had found in the pits of the dead. A childish joy animated her, but only for a moment—and when the father was gone, the maiden would throw the jewels into a box with a sigh, there where lay many other wondrous yet so soon forgotten objects. Why, then, adora herself and bathe in perfumes? why, then, be so beautiful and so charming, if only to remain an everlasting mystery? thought Smaragda, reposing on her purple cushion. Often she would weep long and bitterly, and Ipsa, the Nubian, remembering her own youth, wept also.

One day a noble traveler in the prime of life, arrived with his guide at the Assassif hill, where Jani's men, superintended by their master, were digging for mummies. The stranger, who spoke Arabic pretty fluently, asked for the Greek, who made his appearance with a pleased countenance. The day had been successful, and perhaps this was another opportunity for making a golden bargain with the traveler who had the bearing of a millionaire.

On the way to his distant dwelling, the Greek drew from his girdle a costly agraffe from the throat of a mummy.

"What does your Excellenza think of this?" he asked the stranger.

"Glorious!" replied he, closely examining the agraffe. It was a large, splendid emerald surrounded by a wreath of white Nile-roses in enamel.

"Glorious! What do you demand for this gem?"

"It is sold," laughed Jani, "or rather, it is promised."

The Englishman—such was the stranger—made a gesture expressive of doubt.

"Truly, your Grace! The gem belongs to Smaragda."

"Who is Smaragda?"

The old man's eyes flashed.

"My daughter!" he proudly answered.

"Ah! you have a handsome daughter," observed the stranger smiling.

Jani's dark features became radiant, and his eyes grew moist.

"The light of my eyes, the staff of my old age!" murmured he.

At this time a troop of naked brown boys approached screaming and mocking, swarming around a man who was slowly descending the steep path of Deir el Mediue.

A tattered scarlet shirt scantily covered the tall form. A dingy yellow head-cloth fluttered around the dark bronze forehead, a leather pouch hung across his shoulder, and in his hand he held a long, rust-eaten gun, barely held together by wire and twine twisted around it.

The man closely passed by the stranger and cast upon him such a sinister, threatening glance, that the Briton, involuntarily shuddering, asked the Greek:

"Who is that man?"

"A poor melbus, Nimr, the hyena hunter," answered Jani.

"What a look!" muttered the Englishman.

They entered the Greek's lonely house. By chance the stranger's eye fell upon a little round window in the depth of the corridor through which they were obliged to pass to reach the rotunda. A heavy curtain was stealthily lifted from above, and two large, brilliant black eyes looked curiously down at them. * * *

"Smaragda!" thought the Briton, "what eyes!"

Although delighted with Jani's inestimable collection, the Briton could come to no agreement with him, and appointed a second meeting. * * *

Smaragda received the valuable agraffe with exulting gladness. Never had the Greek beheld his child so happy, so gay * * * the lovely Smaragda herself, could not tell whence came the sunshine in her heart. * * *

III.

On the following day the stranger visited Jani again. He examined and admired everything, but never mentioned business. This continued some time, during which the Briton visited the Greek daily. By degrees he became a well-known personality to the inhabitants of Kurnah, and the Fellah women smilingly noted the handsome figure, and the delicately cut, marble-white face of the high-born Inglisi with the "open" head, as they called him. In fact, the stranger's liberality was the general theme. There was but one who did not unite his voice in the panegyrics uttered by his countrymen, and that was Nimr, the "Melbus."

Nimr hated the stranger with the burning inextinguishable hate of a Pariah. "Why?" was the question in all the Fellah Village.

Late one evening, Lord M——, accompanied by Temsah, was returning from Medinet Abu to Luxor. There, where the road from the Idols to the landing-place crosses the road to Esneh, the belated wanderers found a man in rags crouching on the ground. The Briton drew a gold coin from his pocket and threw it down to the prostrate man. With a bound the man sprang up, a hoarse laugh broke forth from his chest, and the coin flew back into the giver's face, while Nimr, for it was he, proudly strode off through the fields. A startled "Oh!" in the well-known intonation escaped the Briton, Temsah transferred the coin into his pocket by a fine feat of legerdemain, and both calmly pursued their route. Suddenly was heard the report of a gun, and a bullet whistled by over the Englishman's head. That was too much! In an instant Yemsah, who was not at all satisfied that Nimr, the hyena hunter, should thus unceremoniously shoot down his goldman, roused the people in the khan, near by, and the chase for the assassin began! In a short time he was caught and dragged before Lord M——.

"For whom was the bullet intended?" asked the Briton serenely of the poor devil.

"For thee!" was the laconic answer.

"And why wouldst thou slay me?"

"Because I hate thee!" replied Nimr, with flashing eyes.

"Thou hatest me," continued Lord M——, smiling, "what have I done to thee?"

The hyena-hunter uttered a wild laugh.

"Thou art an evil spirit!"

The Fellahs involuntarily retreated, gazing at the Briton with sly glances. "Poor melbus!" exclaimed the object of their fear, "Poor melbus!" he compassionately repeated, and then to Nimr:

"Thou hast scorned my money because I am an Efrit?"

The hyena-hunter made a violent gesture of abhorrence.

"Go," said the Briton, smiling and in a gentle tone, "Thou didst desire to kill the Efrit. The Efrit gives thee thy life and liberty!"

* * * * * * * *

A few days later near the hour of noon Jani was busy in Biban el Maluk, and Smaragada was alone with Ipsa. A man hurriedly ascended the lonely, rocky path leading from Deir el Mediue to the sepulchres of the Queens. It was not the first time that this man came along this path in Jani's absence, his eyes fixed upon the Greek's dwelling even from afar, to see a white kerchief fluttering at one of the latticed windows. To day, too, a white kerchief moved from the window. *Was it a signal?*

* * * * * * *

About a hundred paces from the mummy-trader's house the wanderer suddenly stood still, throwing back the blue veil he had worn for protection against the glaring sunlight. It seemed to him as if a dark head had emerged from behind a mighty block of granite. * * * Or was it, perhaps, that black hawk that, motionless as if hewn out of stone, slumbered on the grey rock.

A dull silence brooded around, not a sound, not a breath—even the cicada, the friend of the burning waste, rests her shrill viola. Everything seems terribly silent and deserted like a grave. * * * One moment the man stood immovable * * * when suddenly a large, bronze-colored lizard shot across his path like a flash. "Ah!" murmured he, "a good omen, as the Arabs say! It was the veil that deceived my eyes."

The stranger entered the Greek's house. Scarcely had he advanced a few steps in the corridor when something fell at his feet * * * it was a large purple flower * * * he quickly stooped and pressed the flower to his lips with fervor. Up at the small round window the curtain rustled, a lovely woman's face appeared among the dark folds, the finger significantly touching the lips. * * * mad laughter was shrieked forth at the entrance, the stranger turned around in alarm, hastily concealing the flower in his bosom. * * * A man in tatters fled in great leaps toward the ocean of rocks in the vale of the West. * * * At this moment Jani appeared in the corridor and greeted the amazed Lord M——, who forgot to return the greeting. The face at the round window had vanished.

When the Briton left the Greek's mummy hall that evening, the trader gleefully rubbed his hand. At last they had come to an agreement; the pride of his museum, a mummy in a double coffin, a rare specimen indeed, had been purchased by the lord for its weight in gold!

* * * * * * * *

One hour later, and Lord M* * * * had returned to Luxor. When he had no traitorous eye to fear, he drew the purple flower from his bosom.

From out the marvelous calyx glided a tiny scroll of paper, containing a single word:

"Bukra," *i. e.*, to-morrow!

IV.

It was a day of mourning for the Fellah villages on both banks of the great river from Abu-Hamed to Karyeh. Lord M* * * * was going to leave Luxor. Important news compelled the Inglisi with the "open" hand to take this sudden departure. But he was not going alone; old Jani's finest mummy was to accompany him.

Near the "Sycamore" lay the Briton's splendid sailing boat. Everything was ready for the departure, which was to take place that evening. At the painted prow sat Mansur, the Reis of the ship, immovable as a pagoda, counting the beads of his rosary. On the deck lay the sailors, a dozen bronze-colored, weather-beaten fellows, playing for a little heap of silver white shells with round cards, on which were painted a sun, moon, and stars.

Now Jani came along in hot haste on his donkey. Quickly alighting he ascended on board the "Dahabieh," where he exchanged a few words with the young Reis Mansur sent a sailor into the cabin who immediately returned with a small box. It was the medicine chest of the lord who had just been seized with heavy chills in Jani's house, and as Temsah could nowhere be found, the lord had begged the mummy trader to get the medicine chest in the bark, which contained a sure remedy for fevers. A few moments after, Jani rode along with the precious little casket under his arm. The greatest speed was necessary, for the bearers Jani had ordered to carry away the mummy, might arrive at any minute. But let us hasten on in advance of the old man's active steed to the Greek's domicile. A few moments after Jani's departure, Ipsa, the Nubian, had opened a back portal, uttering a peculiar, gurgling sound.

Like an apparition the vanished Temsih stood before the old woman, who made the Moghrebian a mysterious sign, whereupon both disappeared. In the rotunda the Englishman stood waiting, trembling, not with fever chills, but a strange restlessness. Suddenly in the dark frame of the entrance appeared a tall, slender form shrouded in a [illegible]. The lord whispered, convulsively pressing both hands on his heart: "Smaragda! * * * The veiled figure slowly raised its finger to its lips and with wavering steps approached the magnificent mummy-coffin where rested the brown sleeper. * * * As the same time, Temsah and Ipsa appeared in the rotunda. The lord beckoned and both advanced toward the coffin and lifted the lid. * * * When shortly after the bearers arrived and swung the closed coffin upon their strong shoulders, the veiled figure had vanished.

* * * * * * *

Jani met the mummy-bearers with their burden ere he had accomplished half the route. The lord, though somewhat unwell, felt better, and the medicine was superfluous for the present at least. It was getting dark when the landing-place was reached. Lord M—— thanked the most eminent Arab Sheiks of the surrounding Villages, who had come to bring their farewell greetings to the foreign Bey, in a most friendly manner, by generously emptying his purse into their hands.

Already were the sailors putting the mummy on board, when suddenly "Nimr", the hyena hunter, pressed through the crowd of spectators and, with the despairing cry of "Smaragda!" threw himself upon the coffin

"Et melbus!" cried the Fellahs, bounding back with affright.

Nimr was fearful to behold. * * * In vain the sailors tried to tear the madman from the coffin; the hyena hunter clasped it again and again in his arms, gnashing his teeth and uttering hollow, smothered groans. Lord M. grew pale and seemed struggling for composure. The madman's cry penetrated into Jani's very soul in spite of himself.

"Ten gold pieces to him who seizes the melbus!" exclaimed the Briton who had perceived Jani's emotion. Instantly ten times ten threatening pair of arms were raised on high, but Nimr, at the sound of that voice lifted up his head and rushed, before the menacing hands had grasped him, with a panther like leap upon Lord M. * * *

A cry of horror, then a flash, a report, and the hyena hunter with a howl fell down, his arm crushed and bleeding. The Briton stood proudly drawn up, pale, but calm, the smoking pistol in his lowered hand. * * * Casting a long glance at the horror-struck spectators, he waved his hand. * * *

The evening breeze unfurled the flag of England, and a quarter of an hour later the "Dahabiah" slowly sailed along the the great Uruzieh Isle. Soon the monotonous song of the rowing sailors died away in the distance, and the boat and its inmates vanished like a vision. * * *

* * *

It was late before Jani returned to his dwelling. He yearned to see Smaragda; an inexplicable fear oppressed his breast. He enters his house * * * How lonely to-day, how fearfully silent it is here! With trembling hand he opens the concealed door of his daughter's sleeping apartment. One more step, and the dews of death bead his brow * * * Nobody here, nobody anywhere; half frantic he rushes to the mummy-hall, there he finds but the dead in their coffins * * * But what is this? Over what does his foot stumble? It is a body that lies on the floor; horrified, Jani stoops down and by the light of his lantern recognizes the mummy he sold but yesterday to the Briton. * * * Now the fearful truth dawns upon the poor father's mind. He comprehends Nimr's madness * * * * the mummy which the stranger bore with him, was Smaragda, the light of his eyes, the staff of his old age. * * * * Poor Jani! Smaragda, the Nubian and Temsah had disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPLENDID SHOWING.

Failures for the Year 1880—Some Startling Contingencies.

The figures of failures for the entire country for each year, as it is completed, afford the best indication of the condition of commerce that is furnished. Such a compilation is possible only to an extensively organized concern, such as the Mercantile Agency of Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co. The figures for the year 1880 are exceedingly satisfactory, especially in comparison with those of preceding years, as the following will show:

	Number.	Liabilities.
Failures in the United States in 1880	4,735	$65,752,000
Failures in the United States in 1879	6,658	98,149,000
Failures in the United States in 1878	10,478	234,383,000
Failures in the United States in 1877	8,872	190,669,000
Failures in the United States in 1876	9,092	191,117,000
Failures in the United States in 1875	7,740	201,060,000

The above table indicates that the mercantile failures in the United States, during the year 1880, were in number 4,735, with liabilities aggregating nearly 66 millions of dollars. The failures for 1879 were in number 6,650, with liabilities of 98 millions. The decrease, therefore, for the past year, is 1,923 in number, and in liabilities 27 millions—thus showing an improvement equal to 40 per cent. in number, and a saving in losses by bad debts in the same proportion. While the comparison of the last year with the previous one is so extremely favorable, the comparison of 1880 with 1878 is even more remarkable. In 1878 the failures numbered 10,478, while in 1880 they numbered only 4,735, indicating a lessened number of casualties by 5,743, equivalent to nearly 60 per cent. But in the amount of liabilities the change for the better is even greater, for in 1878 the indebtedness of those who failed was 234 millions.

The following table gives, in condensed shape, the geographical distribution of commercial casualties for last year. The comparison of failures to the number reported in business will repay a close examination, as perhaps indicating, more clearly than anything else, the localities in which the chances of success are greatest, and the sections in which the condition of trade has most rapidly improved. The gain is the most marked in the Western States, where only one person in every 235 traders failed, as compared with one in every 159 as in 1879, while in 1878 it was one in every 70.

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION AND PERCENTAGE OF FAILURES.

States.	Population, 1880.	1880. No. of Failures.	1880. Amount of Liabilities.	1880. Average Liabilities.
Eastern	33,744	720	$8,450,117	$8,035
Middle	237,008	1,472	29,955,000	20,000
Southern	100,881	885	8,819,442	10,335
Western	275,072	1,171	11,519,419	9,837
Pacific and Ter	38,464	384	5,008,120	9,374
Total for U. S.	746,829	4,735	67,752,000	14,306
Domin. of Can.	87,100	970	9,288,077	9,847

The foregoing table of percentages offers a better idea than any other, of the real decrease in the number of failures, apart from the amount of indebtedness. This will be understood by closely studying the foregoing figures as compared with the following, which extend the comparison back for some years. Thus, in 1879, every 69th man succumbed; in 1877, every 75th; in 1878, every 64th; in 1879, every 108th under, while in 1880 it was only one in every 158 who laid down his load. In an army of near 750,000, an improvement so marked ought certainly to beget most hopeful confidence in the future chance of success, provided the requisite laws for the regulation and protection of such a host are forthcoming.

Couldn't Endure a Rival.

Chicago Tribune.

John Hotson, who for many years traveled with Barnum's circus as "the living skeleton," committed suicide in New York recently. Bernhardt's visit is beginning to tell.

For the Blade.

GOOD-BYE TO WATERFORD.

Good-bye to Waterford's sunny skies,
To all the sweet and cherished ties
Of home, and friends, and happy youth,
And hearts so full of love and truth,
Good-bye. I leave the dear old sod,
The haunts and paths I gaily trod,
In happier hours, when life's sweet stream
Flowed smoothly on, like love's young dream.

Good-bye; I carry beyond the sea
Full many a cherished thought of thee,
While silent and sad, through blinding tears,
I look on the home of my early years.
O'er the hallowed spot, where first we met,
The spell of enchantment lingers yet,
And the musical cadence of the voice so dear
Seem to echo again on my listening ear.

I've hidden away in my heart's recess
The mem'ry of every fond caress,
The loving words, and the tender tone,
And the glance in which love's soft radiance shone.
They haunt me still, as I say good-bye
To Waterford's harbor and sunny sky,
And I long for a clasp of the warm hand,
E'er I bid good-bye to my native land.

But fate denies this joy to me,
And sadly I'll cross the deep, blue sea
With nothing to cheer but the memory old
Of words he uttered, and love he told.
I'll think of him still, in a far off land,
Still long for the clasp of his tender hand,
And faithfully hope that we'll meet again
In a world that's free from grief and pain.

In the place prepared beyond the blue,
We'll meet again if our hearts are true;
And the ocean's dark, relentless wave
Cannot rob me of hope beyond the grave.
So, trusting in God, I'll bid adieu
To my dear old home, and the loved one too,
And drying my tears, with a last fond sigh,
I waft to the fading shores, good-bye.

Minnesota, Jan. 9. THERESE.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN

"For Three Years, or During the War."

At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,

Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

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CHAPTER LXI.

THE FILE HAS TROUBLE.

The night following the explosion of the mine was a terrible one. Both sides clung desperately to the ground they held, and wrestled fiercely to gain another yard. They were so close together that rifles ceased to be of use, and they beat each other savagely with stones, clubs, and whatever other missiles lay near their eager hands. The Rebels were at last driven out of the ragged crater, and the few unhurt ones escaped to the fort above. The Union soldiers could not, with the most determined efforts, force their way beyond the embankments of this. So continuous and accurate was the fire that swept the summit of the parapet that no Rebel dared show his head above the bank, but he could still lie behind it and roll lighted shells down the front, to explode in the ranks of the assailants below. Supplies of hand grenades were sent up to the latter to reply with. These were small shrapnel shells, about the size of a goose egg, and filled with buckshot. They had pasteboard wings, like the feathers of an arrow, to direct their flight, and they exploded when the percussion in them struck a hard substance. Frequently they failed to burst inside the Rebel lines, and were pickt up and thrown back, with fearful effect.

This was the condition of affairs when morning dawned, and brot about a cessation of the fight in the immediate vicinity of the crater, but it was taken up by the artillery and sharpshooters on the main lines, who diligently explored the Rebel works for an unsheltered head of an enemy.

During the night the File had been lucky enuf to secure refuge in a crevice of the crater, which afforded them good opportunities for firing upon the Rebels above, and was yet out of the path of the shells rolled down the bank. They were certain they had done some effective work, for several times during the night exclamations from those inside had followed their well-aimed shots, and the shells kept rolling closer to their hole, showing that the besieged were making an effort to dislodge them. They dug a little furrow around the upper edge of the crevice with their bayonets and hands, and in this way turned aside two or three shells that were evidently hurled directly at them by a strong and skilful arm. They redoubled their watch on the crest of the parapet, to silence if possible the enemy who was paying such special attention to them.

But it was not in human flesh and blood to bear up longer under the terrible fatigue of the strain that had lasted for so many hours. In spite of the dangers around them, and of all the efforts of their wills they could not prevent their eyelids gluing together as the stars began going down in the west. Bronson leaned against the jagged side of the hole, and his head fell on his breast; Walter, kneeling down with his cocht rifle resting on a boulder and aimed at the summit of the works, closed his eyes and slept with his cheek pressing against the butt of his gun. Slumber had overtaken Karl as he was ramming a cartridge down, and he sat with his left hand grasping the muzzle of his gun, and his right the rammer, forced half-way down the barrel. Stock, with a piece of hard tack in one hand, and some meat from which he had just bitten a mouthful, snored stertorously

The dawn was just brightening into day light, and the outlines of objects near were losing the distortions of the darkness to take on the familiar semblance they wore by day. A stalwart Rebel sprang upon the crest of the parapet, exposing his whole body, as if in desperate defiance of the consequences of such rashness.

"Thar ——, ye! take that! I reckon that'll fix ye, at last!"

He hurled a 12 pound shell with such accurate aim that it fell directly in the center of the sleeping group. Walter's finger instinctively touchi the trigger as the sound struck his ear, and his bullet pierced the desperate Rebel's body, who fell backwards and headlong. Bronson's opening eyes fell upon the hissing fuse of the deadly missile. He sprang forward to pick it up and throw it back, but his wounded right hand did not serve him with its wonted quickness and cuning. Before he could throw the shell from him it burst. His right arm was mangled to the elbow, a great gap bitten from his side, and a fragment of shrieking iron tore along Karl's temple.

"Let them lie where they are," commanded an officer from a neighboring trench, as Walter and Stock, recovering from the shock, attempted to do something for their stricken comrades. "The stretcher men are near here, and I will see that they are taken to the rear. You watch your opportunities and slip back, for the relief has come up, and we must get out of here to make room for it."

Walter and Stock did as ordered. As they slipt back Stock's foot struck against something, which he pickt up.

"A pair o' field glasses which some officers dropt in the charge," he said to Walter, as he put them in his haversack. Walter was overwhelmed with grief, at the fate of Bronson and Karl, whom he was certain were killed, but he could see that Stock was convulsed with a rage that that phlegmatic person had never before given the slightest reason for believing he could be capable of. Bitter groans escaped him, and rustic imprecations of "by gum," and "by grief," "he'd make the Rebels pay mighty dearly for that performance afore the sun set agin."

They made their way to a large tree, richly festooned with Spanish moss, that stood on the edge of the hill and but a short distance from the Rebels' lines. Walter pulled off his belt and haversack, and threw himself upon the ground, in a fit of anguish over his comrades' fate. Stock had other ideas than of giving way to his grief in this manner. He began by washing out his gun with water from his canteen. He then swabbed it with unusual care, and removed every speck of dirt from the outside. Walter heard him talking to the gun as if it were a well beloved woman:

"I have a feelin' that it's the last work I think I'll ever ask you to do for me, my beauty," he said, "an' I want you to do this right up in yer best style."

Walter fell asleep, and when he awoke it was the middle of the forenoon. Stock was nowhere visible, but as Walter started to go and look for him, his voice came down from the branches of the tree, saying:

"Don't go 'way, Walt. Stay here. I may hev something to tell ye, d'reckly."

Looking upward steadily for some little time, he was at last able to make out his comrade, seated in the branches, and so cunningly vailed by the Spanish moss that he had arranged around him that his presence could not be suspected until he chose to reveal it himself.

His rifle was lying across the branches, near his hand, and ready for instant use and he was carefully studying the interior of the Rebel lines thru the field-glass.

"I've bin a-layin' all mornin' to drop some feller that'd be some sort of a set-off fur Dave Bronson," he said, without lowering his glass. "But I haint seed nobody of that kind yit. I could've fetcht several Captains and Lieutenants, and privates, and sich small trash, but it'd take 'bout a rigimint of them to be 'quivalent to Bronson, and so I haint molested none of 'em. I want bigger game, an' I'll hev it, too."

A few minutes later.

"There's some feller over there that acts ez if he is a Gineral; he's a-canterin' around on a fancy hoss, with a staff follerin' him. I think he's a mind to come up to the breastworks an' inspect 'em."

Another pause.

"Yes, he *is* a comin' up. He's got down offen his hoss, and hitcht him. His staff does the same. They're all walkin' up cautiously on foot. He *is* a Gineral. He hez long white hair, an' when he turns a little I kin see the gold stars on his collar. He's a Major Gineral. He seems to want to know something 'bout what happened last night; he's lookin' and pintin' at the crater, and some other officer—a Captain—is explainin' things to him. Now he starts to come forward to the front agin; the Captain's tryin' to keep him from comin', an' the men look up to see whether he will back out. This nettles him; he dismisses the Captain's warnin's with a wave of the hand, and walks straight onward to the parapet. Now he steps up on the bank to look over—"

Walter saw Stock lay down the glass and eagerly pick up the rifle. The sights were already raised to the proper elevation; he rested the muzzle on a stout limb in front, and took deliberate aim, as if waiting for the object aimed at to place itself in position. Walter's heart stopt beating as he watcht. Seconds of suspense that seemed long hours passed before the rifle rang out. Stock laid the gun to one side quickly, and pickt up the glasses.

The Union soldiers in the trenches near the Rebels heard a confused cry inside:

"The General! The General! Look out for the General! He's been hit."

And Stock announced from his mossy ambuscade:

"I brot him. They're makin a big pow-wow over him; everybody's a runnin' back an' forard, an' actin' as if they were crazy. Now they're a carryin' him away, an' the officers are lookin' over this way with their glasses to see where the shot came from. They're pintin' at all the trees, but they seem to suspect this un the most, an' they seem to be directin' the sharpshooters to fire at it."

"They *are* firing at it," said Walter, as several shots rattled against the limbs. "Do come down, Stock. You can't help getting hit up there."

"Not yit, I won't come down. I aint thru, yit, by considerable. That Gineral will go towards payin, 'em up fur Dave Bronson, but I want to settle with 'em fur Karl afore I quit."

He again reloaded his gun with the greatest of care, and resumed his study of the interior of the Rebel works. Three long hours passed, without his discovering anything that was worthy of attention, but his keen scrutiny did not relax for an instant. The depressing effects of the heat told on Walter, however, and he was about to yield to the temptation to go to sleep again, when he was aroused from his drowsiness by Stock saying:

"There's a new Rigiment comin' up to relieve the one in that part of the line, and the Colonel seems to be a very brash sort of a feller. His hoss is cavortin' 'round, jest ez if it wasn't ez hot ez a furnace. Now he's got down, an' is comin' up to the works on foot, an' away ahead of his Rigiment, ez if he wants to show off how brave he is. He won't pay no attention to that Captain, neither, but comes right up, ez if he knowed more 'bout what he was doin' than anybody could tell him. He thinks he'll take a little stroll along the parapet. He don't seem to under-stand that that's a unhealthier place nor a cholera hospital."

Again the glasses were exchanged for the rifle, and again Stock took deliberate and careful aim, before he fired.

"Got *him*, too," he said exultingly, as he pickt up his glasses, and surveyed the result of his shot. "They're turnin' a-cannon this way. I guess I'll slip down for they've found me out, and" —— but the rest of the sentence was cut off by a rifle cannon shot which crasht thru the bush branches, and with the crash Stock fell heavily to the ground, with his foot cut off by the well-aimed shot.

Before he was carried to the hospital he whispered to Walter:

"One Major Gineral and one Colonel isn't a bad sort of quits for poor Dave and Karl, but if I'd been let alone a little longer I'd a' done still better."

At the meeting at the well that night, the Rebels reported that Maj.-Gen. Green of Missouri, and Col. Pentecoy, of the Second Missouri, had been killed during the day by the Yankee sharpshooters.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SURRENDER.

With the disasters that had befallen The File, Company A seemed virtually obliterated. It had entered the campaign with less than a fourth of the boys who had marcht away with it from Chicago, and this remnant had been fearfully reduced by the losses in action in the 60 days of almost continuous fighting since they had crosst the Mississippi on the 1st of May, and by the deadly fevers which rage in that miasmatic country during the hot months.

It made Walter sick at heart to go back to the camp and see the little shelter tents still standing as they were left by their occupants, when they started out upon a charge or a sortie from which they never returned. Under the rotting muslin lay the over-coats, the blankets, the knapsacks, the various little soldierly belongings of boys whose bodies had for weeks been moldering in shallow graves on the hillsides between the lines, or in the rear of the regimental hospital. The rank growths that had been cut off to clear the ground when the tents were pitcht, had re-asserted their prior claims to possession, and unhealthy weeds and strong shrubs were forcing their way thru the tents and blocking up the once trim streets, giving everything the mildewed, unwholesome look that a deserted camp ever wears. Occasionally a pale invalid wandered weakly back from hospital, to look after something of value which he had left in his tent, and his emaciated, tottering form completed the picture of desolation.

Walter could not bear to remain in such melancholy surroundings, and he was given a general detail as a sharpshooter, which allowed him to go and do pretty much as he pleased.

He therefore took his place permanently on the lines with the rest of the sharpshooters, drew his rations there, and returned no more to the camp, with its depressing associations. The excitement of watching and taking part in the progress of the siege was a welcome relief from the melancholy that would have overcome him but for this strong distraction.

It was plain to him, as to every one else on the investing line, that the end was near at hand. In scores of places along the eight miles of circumvallation, the Union trenches were not more than 10 feet from those of the Rebels. The next stroke of the pick must begin the work of digging down the defenses of the besieged, unless other means were taken to gain ingress. In the nightly conversations with the Rebels the latter admitted that they had been living for days on scanty rations of tough mule meat, and crackers made of ground peas, so bad in material and preparation that they would hardly stint the cravings of hunger, much less support strength under such exhaustive demands as were made upon it by continual service in the trenches under the broiling sun. Their only hope of relief came from expectations of sorties made by Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith on the west bank of the river, or Jo Johnson from the east, which would force a raising of the siege.

But these hopes were of that melancholy kind that lead only to the death of despair. The relieving forces were whipt at Milliken's Bend by the negros, at Richmond, La., by the white troops, and at Helena by the garrison there. On the eastern side of the river Johnson found the 24,000 men that he could muster confronted by nearly as strong a force under Sherman, posted behind the strong works on the line of the Big Black, from which Pemberton had been driven at the commencement of the campaign, and he recoiled from the hopeless attempt.

Still, day and night, the batteries on the investing lines,

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

OLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JAN 20, 1881.

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PERSONS AND THINGS.

"In an angry instant a man may do what a lifetime of repentance cannot undo," says Henry Ward Beecher. True, Mr. Beecher—he may break an egg.—*Boston Post.*

A West End photographer recently acted as master of ceremonies at a friend's funeral, and as he lifted the coffin-lid for the mourners to look at the remains, whispered to the corpse, "Now, look natural." Force of habit.—*Boston Post.*

It is perfectly proper to speak of a man's magnificent dome of thought or his Websterian brow, but when you speak of a red-headed gentleman as the man with the gilded dome, ten chances to one he will not feel flattered.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kansas newspapers declare that a physician of La Cygne, in that State, narrowly escaped lynching because he invented a compound that would instantly sober a drunken man. Public sentiment was against anything that tended to cause a waste of liquor.

There are mean men in this world. A while ago a "living skeleton" in a circus—the thinnest one ever known, he was—got religion. And a society educated him for the ministry and sent him as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands. Imagine the disgust of the Cannibals.—*Boston Post.*

Old gentleman (musical)—"Have you any plane tree wood?" Timber merchant (whose hopes are raised in anticipation of a good order these hard times)—"Yes, sir—pray walk in, sir—as fine a stock as any in town, sir. Would you prefer it in the plank or in the—sh—log?" Old gentleman—"Oh, thanky, I'm not particular. I want a bit for a fiddle bridge."—*Punch.*

Fashion Notes—Coupons are not cut by us this year. Railroads have long trains and are trimmed with rich dividends. The sofa makes a very pretty ficho. Checks are very fashionable this first week in January. Stripes are much worn at Sing Sing and Concord. Figures are much sought after. $100,000 is a very pretty one. Rich teens are desirable for the opera or theater parties. Dots will come in again with the flies. Undressed kid will be used for children's bathing suits next summer. Birds are used for bonnets and the bills are very large. Night dresses with a rip are the best. Old gold is still put in stockings. Thin, flat pocketbooks are in style since Christmas and New Year.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

Two not very prepossessing-looking gentlemen were toasting their feet at a stove in the back room of a saloon. One of them was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Why, Sam and Bill Bogs have been caught stealing horses in Kansas. Bill was captured, and Sam was shot and killed while he was running." "You don't say so! Well, I'm glad it turned out that way. I knew them boys. I am glad that Sam did not survive, for he was very high-toned, and it would almost have killed him to have had his brother convicted of stealing. He was too sensitive, Sam was—had too much family pride to succeed in a rough frontier country."—*Galveston News.*

Mr. Depew, candidate for the New York Senatorship, is a tall, raw-boned, athletic man of ready temperament, but with a good, hard brain, who comes of mixed Dutch and New England stock from the County of Westchester, next north of New York Island. His people are Huguenots, who emigrated to Holland, and came over to New Netherlands in colonial times. They were no doubt crossed by Connecticut stock emigrating from New York, and the result is a man of the martial skeleton and address of the Dutchman and Frenchman crossed with the keenness of the Yankee. He is about 45 to 48 years old—younger than Conkling by several years—and all his people were Democrats. When he came out of Yale College, about 1850, he took his own counsel, and on the Kansas-Nebraska question became a bolter from the party.

Mrs. Christlancy.

Washington Letter.

In pleasant weather Mrs. Christlancy takes her constitutional on the avenue in an afternoon stroll, accompanied by her mother, who is somewhat infirm, and on whom she bestows the most attentive care, assisting her to mount the pavements and to descend when necessary. Mrs. Christlancy dresses richly, but in great taste. Her refined and delicate features are shown to advantage in a black Gainsborough hat covered with plumes. The law's delays and the laggard alimony demanded by the Court have not dimmed her beauty or lessened her attractiveness. The red gold hair and perfect sea-shell tint of complexion would render any woman less dowered with good looks beautiful; as it is she is a woman of marked attractions and loveliness. It is said that a friend of hers, a Baltimorean, has sworn to see her through her troubles and has pledged the last dollar of his fortune in her defence.

The days of chivalry are not over. The methods of defending the fair are alone changed. Assuming that the mace, as an emblem of authority, in these latter days is best represented by money, and the uplifted falchions to fat fees, the judges to umpires, and so on to the end of the journey—so I end with the peal of the trumpeter when the tilts began: "May God show the right!"

Incidents of Progress.

New York Correspondent Troy Times.

John Quincy Adams congratulated the Nation on the general progress of the age. A proof of this was found in the launch of the English steamship "Shannon," the largest vessel of the kind in the world, being 500 tons burden. This occurred in June, 1826. At present, however, there are 40 to 50 ocean steamers each of which ranges from 4,000 tons to 5,000, while the "Arizona" is 5,147 tons, and the projected "Alaska" will be 6,500 tons. The "Great Eastern," whose deck has an acre of surface, is 18,916 tons, and was of great service in laying the first ocean cable. Another feature in progress is found in postal matters. John Quincy Adams, Postmaster General, reported that the entire receipts of the Department for the entire Union were $1,058 204. What a contrast is found in the fact that that the office in this City now takes in nearly thrice that amount. The entire sum then received from the State of New York was $270, 875, which is not much more than Postmaster James receives in a month. The entire Michigan territory then took in $2 385, while Illinois was down for the enormous sum of $3,000. Adams thought that was a highly encouraging condition of things, but how small does it look at present?

A Bloated Body

does not always belong to an inebriate Kidney troubles will cause bloat, but Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has never failed to remove it.

RECENT LITERATURE.

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN. An Account of Travels on Horseback in the Interior, Including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikko and Ise. By Isabella L. Bird. In two volumes. With map and illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

These two illustrated volumes give the most vivid accounts of what this courageous woman, Miss Bird, saw in parts of Japan, hitherto unknown to the world. Determining to visit the country away from the customary lines of traffic, she went to Tokio and laid her plan before the English authorities there, from whom she received all sorts of discouragement. Persevering, however, she finally procured a footman who could speak a few words of English and was quick to learn, and with a camp bed, an India-rubber bath tub, a folding chair, a mosquito net, Liebig's extract of beef, and a few other articles, set out on her journey through the country towards the north. She is a very intelligent and quick-witted woman, and not easily imposed upon, and in her journey of 1,400 miles, she gathered up much of interest which she tells in a wonderfully vivid and life like manner.

Miss Bird met with kindness everywhere. Indeed, she records that in no country in the world can a lady travel "with such absolute security from danger and rudeness as in Japan." A small part of the time she went in the "kurama," a small, two wheeled vehicle drawn by coolies, who go with great rapidity, but in the interior the roads were so bad that she was obliged to take to pack horses, whose kicking qualities seemed to be superior to all others. She took long journeys afoot when the way was especially bad, but no matter what hardships she endured, her powers of observation were as keen as ever. Among the hills she found the most picturesque scenery. It is a land of bloom. Japonicas grow as large as trees. There are varying degrees of civilization, and in some parts of Japan there is no little etiquet and elegance, The island of Zazo, nearly as large as Ireland, is peopled with savages. The secular and spiritual Emperors are myths, but the government is comparatively enlightened and order prevails everywhere. The Japanese have a remarkable respect for authority. They eat all kinds of food, and make food of almost anything. They have an almost native repugnance to clothes, and she saw naked men and women everywhere. The sight of 40 or 50 naked men and women bathing together was far more picturesque than pleasing. But the people are unclean. Their scanty clothing is seldom washed, and they are sometimes positively filthy. Soap is unknown. The drainage is poor Malaria abounds. Mosquitos and fleas, and other pests make the nights sleepless and intolerable. The volumes are crowded fu l of interest from beginning to end and we can most heartly recommend them to our readers.

THE LOYAL RONINS. An Historical Romance from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui. Shiichiso Saito and Edward Greey, translators. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is another book which the awakening interest in Japan makes exceedingly interesting. It is a romance, a Japanese classic, we might say, translated with such care, and interspersed with explanations so deftly introduced that while they do not mar the interest of the story they render it is easily understood here as by the people it was written for. The original illustrations are reproduced which adds to the attractions of the book.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Edmonds De Amicos. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

The translator seems to have caught much of the spirit of the original of this work. It gives a clear picture of the country and its people, becoming sometimes eloquent in description. Occasionally there is a crudeness of expression that reminds us that we are reading a translation in which the translator is not quite sure of the ground. It is, however, well worth a reading.

EXTRACTS FROM CHORDAL'S LETTERS. With Steel Portrait of the Author; also, original illustrations by Charles J. Taylor. American Machinist Publishing Company, New York.

This volume is made up of extracts from a series of letters to the *American Machinist*, that attracted a good deal of attention, and is particularly addressed to mechanics though all classes will be interested in a perusal. It deals with many of the questions agitating the public mind with regard to the great mass of workmen in the country, and does it in an off-hand, familiar way that will reach many that a more pretentious style would not.

ABOARD THE MAVIS, by Richard Markham. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The boys and girls who know anything of sailing will have a feast in this description of a holiday which five boys and five girls took with some older friends on board the "Mavis." It is not only entertaining but is made useful by giving considerable valuable information concerning the early history of their country. The book is brightly illustrated and printed upon fine, heavy paper in clear type.

THE LOVERS OF PROVENCE AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE. A MS Song. Story of the Twelfth Century. Rendered into Modern French by Alexandre Bida. Translated into English Verse and Prose by A. Rodney Macconaugh. Illustrated with Engravings after designs by A Bida, Mary Hollock Forte, W. H. Gibson, and F. Diehman. Introductory Note by Edmund C. Stedman. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This exquisite little romance of the Twelfth Century, belonging to the early French minstrelsy, appears in a beautiful little volume, for the first time translated into English as a whole. It is impossible in a short notice like this to give any idea of the real charms of this work. The publishers have brought it out in a style worthy of its beauty. The illustrations are delicate and appropriate, and the whole appearance is attractive in the extreme.

COUNTRY LOVE AND CITY LIFE, and Other Poems. By Charles Henry St. John. A. Williams & Co., Boston. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This little book, the author says, is made up of what has survived from 20 years scribbling, his last work having appeared in 1859. Much of the first part is composed of portions of lecture poems which were received with great favor from the platform. Besides these are several fugitive poems of more or less merit.

FOOD FOR THE INVALID; THE CONVALESCENT; THE DYSPEPTIC; AND THE GOUTY. By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., Edinburg, and Horatio C. Wood, M. D., Member of the National Academy of Science. Macmillan & Co., New York.

In this volume are collected a large number of recipes suited for invalids.

The object of placing them in this form before the public is to enable the physician to mark off in a moment a full dietatory for his patient.

NESTLEWORK. A Tale. By Leonard Kip. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

We have before us one of the Knickerbocker novels, which series has won the favor of the public. The present story is readable and interesting.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. By George Ebers. From the German by Eleanor Grove. In two volumes. William S. Gottsberger, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is the second edition of this book, which made its appearance four years ago, and was received with considerable favor. Four editions have been called for by the German public, which shows its popularity there. While it is strictly a romance much interesting historical matter is contained therein.

WHEAT CULTURE. HOW TO DOUBLE ITS YIELD AND INCREASE THE PROFITS. By D. S. Curtiss, Washington, D. C. Illustrated. Orange Judd Company, New York.

The pamphlet before us contains very much of interest, not only to the wheat grower but to the public generally It is well worth a perusal, for it contains most valuable information.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE RADICAL CLUB OF CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON. Edited by Mrs. John Y. Sargent Published by James R. Osgood & Co. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This collection of papers are the expressions of the opinions of some of the leading ministers and laymen of the country who formed a club in 1867 for free investigation for all forms of religious inquiry. At first, these discussions were confined to theological questions. Later they were generally upon scientific and theological problems. They will be found full of interest.

SKETCHES OF THE WOMEN OF CHRISTENDOM. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family." Published by Dodd, Meade & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

Those familiar with the writings of this author will not need to be told that the present work will amply pay for a perusal. It will be found eminently adapted for a Sunday School Library.

SELF. By Rebecca Ruter Springer. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is a story with a purpose beyond mere entertainment. While giving the latter it endeavors to teach the evil of selfishness, which leads to shadowed homes. Without being brilliant it is a very readable book.

ALL ROUND THE YEAR VERSES FROM SKY FARM. By Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

Two children have sung their songs, and they are here collected in a pretty little volume which will charm the reader. The poems are perfectly fresh, pure and sweet, and possess a melody sometimes wanting in more pretentious utterances.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM. By W. H. Venable. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

The great beauty of this gift book lies in the spirit of the illustrations. The poem taken by itself, while measurably good, would certainly not alone challenge the attention that will be accorded to this little volume. The paper and typographical execution are excellent.

POVERINA. An Italian Story. Translated from the French. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

MASHALLAH! A Flight into Egypt. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

These two volumes belong to the New Handy-Volume Series, so well and favorably known to the public. The first is a bright, attractive story, illustrating Italian life and character. The second, by an author so well known will be found exceedingly interesting, giving details as it does concerning a people which has within a few years challenged much attention.

"GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN."

The Man Who Slew Austrians as He Would Wild Animals.

From Le Figaso.

He was a tall, spare man, with magnificent eyes glistening under an open brow, made all the larger by the hair being brushed back from it. He had a gray beard, with more white than brown in it, on his breast. He seemed from 55 to 60 years old then.

As Garibaldi was opening one of his campaigns an Englishman came to him, wearing a broad brimmed hat, lined with green in front to protect his eyes, and carrying a large cartridge-box filled with cartridges and a powerful field-glass. His equipment was completed by an excellent double-barreled rifle. "Gen. Garibaldi?" asked he. "I am he," said Garibaldi, somewhat roughly. "I am Sir John William Peard." "Well?" "And I have come to ask the favor of serving under your orders." Garibaldi looked his recruit over. "Humph!" said he, "to serve under my orders? You know what it means, serving under my orders?" "No. But if you will have the goodness to tell me I shall know." "No pay." "That makes no matter, I am rich." "Thirty miles to march a day, on an average." "I have excellent legs." "Plenty of fighting." "That is what I have come to find." "Absolute obedience to my orders." "Humph!" "There, you see, it will not suit you." "I would father fight after my own fashion." "What is your fashion?" "I am an excellent hunter." "Ah!" "And I am a capital marksman." "Well?" "I should like to fight with your sharpshooters." "I should like also to keep my own costume, which suits me perfectly." "You shall keep it." "I should also like ——" "Oh! the deuce! You want too much. If I had been as exacting as you with M. de la Marmora, I should never have begun my campaign." "Very good," said Sir John, "I will fight on my own hook." "Fight on your own hook; you are right, it will be best." Sir John bowed to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi bowed to Sir John.

The fight at Baresi took place the next day. Garibaldi sent his sharpshooters in, but with all the haste they could make they found that Sir John had already engaged the enemy. As we have said, he had declared war against Austria, and was fighting on his own hook. Not only was he fighting on his own hook, but he fought after his own fashion. He stood erect, without any cover, and paid no more attention to the balls that whistled about his tall form than if they had been mosquitos. He took aim as quietly as if he had been out hunting, fired, lowered his gun, took his field glass to see the effect of his shot, made a negative or approving movement of his head, as he was discontented or satisfied, loaded again, took aim, fired, looked through his glass, and again showed his satisfaction or disappointment with a shake of his head. The enemy in retreat, and Garibaldi master of the field of battle, as he always was. Sir John's only occupation was to look up his dead and wounded, whom he knew just as one knows out shooting the rabbits that he has knocked over cleverly or only injured. His dead and his wounded recognized, and duly entered in the memorandum book, Sir John started after the Austrians, and, thanks to his long legs, was soon up with the advance guard. Garibaldi let him go on sharpshooting in this way after his own fashion during two or three fights without appearing to pay any attention to him. But as Garibaldi loved brave men above everything, he walked up to the Englishman one day, in the midst of a heavy fire, and said: "Sir John, let me congratulate you. You are a brave man." "I know it," said the Englishman. "And more, you are my friend." "Ah! that," said Sir John, "I did not know, and I am infinitely grateful to you. But excuse me one moment; there is a devil of an Austrian over there that I have taken a fancy for." Sir John put his rifle to his shoulder, and the Austrian for whom he had taken a fancy, shot in the heart made a step forward and fell on his face. Sir John took his glass, examined his Austrian, made a little gesture of satisfaction, and, turning to the General, said, as he held out his hand, "Good morning, General. I hope you feel well to-day?" From that day on, Sir John Peard was never called anything but "Garibaldi's Englishman."

What We Know About It.

Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer, that we are reliable informed that a gentleman of this City, who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of.

CANVASSERS make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

For the Blade.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

Allow me, if you please, to introduce myself to-day,
As "Mr. O. P. Dilcock," from the State of Iowa;
You are to me a stranger, and yet it may be said
That I am somewhat acquainted, through the reading of the BLADE.

One of your subscribers I have been for just one year,
And I can here assure you it has ever brought good cheer;
It has proved so satisfactory, I'll inform you without delay,
I desire to renew it, and sent you a "draft" to-day.

I can freely recommend it to every other friend
As being a first-class paper, upon which they can depend;
And without adulation, I declare it to be true,
It is one of the best, surely, of which I ever knew.

It has set forth very boldly the principles of right,
And stood up likewise nobly for Garfield in the fight.
It should be well supported for the good that it has done,
And to far and near reported as a class A, number one.

I hail from Center Junction, Jones County, Iowa,
On the line of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway,
And 'tis one of the nicest little burgs, I think, you will ever see,
At least this is the way it looks to your new friend, "O. P. D."

How many BLADE subscribers you have here, I do not know,
But I truly think you ought to have fully a score or so;
And if our "P. M." would exert himself, as he surely ought to do,
I am very confident that he could gain a few.

I am aware that my introductory is not very sublime,
And for my effrontery please excuse me, sir, this time;
As I have only written this, that you may hereby see
That the BLADE is much appreciated by your strange friend, O. P. D.

Center Junction, Jones Co., Ia.

TOBACCO IN FRANCE.

The Monopoly Established by the First Napoleon—Cigars, Snuff, Smoking Tobacco and Cigarets Made and Sold Exclusively by the Government.

N. Y. Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—It was in 1810 that the First Napoleon, after having made a thorough investigation of the tobacco industry in France, took from the people the manufacture of the plant and placed in the hands of the Government the tobacco monopoly which has existed until this day. It is said that the profits of the tobacco trade first became an object of his consideration at a ball given at the Palace of the Tuileries in that year. Among those who were present was a woman clothed in very costly garments, and burdened with diamonds and other precious stones. The Emperor asked for the name of this woman, and was told that she was the wife of a tobacco manufacturer. Before the year ended the year ended the Emperor had decided that tobacco should aid in supporting his great armies, and had turned over the whole industry, except cultivation in the fields, to the department of his Government which was equivalent to our Bureau of Internal Revenue. In this way was established a monopoly which has turned into the French Treasury $1,500,000,000.

American cultivators, manufacturers, and consumers of tobacco cannot fail to be interested in a description of the manner in which the French Government manufactures the leaves grown under its supervision at home or bought by its agents abroad, and sells snuff, cigars and smoking tobacco to citizens who have no more right to make and deal in these articles than they have to print Treasury notes from a counterfeit plate and then put them in circulation. Among the reports recently made to the State Department by our Consuls and commercial agents, is one written by Consular Clerk Skidmore, of Paris, which contains the results of a careful examination of the subject. From this report are taken the figures and statements which appear below. The imperial decrees which established the monopoly were issued December 29, 1810, and January 12, 1811. By these the purchase of tobacco in leaves, and the fabrication and sale, at wholesale or retail, of manufactured tobacco, were exclusively confined to the administration of indirect taxes (*Regie des Droits Unis*), and this administration, or *regie* as it is universally called, was at first forbidden to obtain more than one-fifteenth of its material from abroad. No one could cultivate tobacco who had not been given permission to do so. The tobacco in the hands of manufacturers was appraised and bought, and, under severe penalties, all persons were forbidden to have in their possession, or to import foreign manufactured tobacco, and all who had not been permitted to cultivate were forbidden to have tobacco leaves in their possession. The Government took into its service the existing manufacturers and their employes in order to insure the success of the undertaking. In 1831 the regie was placed under the immediate control of the Minister of Finances, and thoroughly reorganized. For use in the service a corps of scientific men was selected, and provision was made for the preservation and enlargement of this corps corps by the admission of graduates of the polytechnic school, after these had for two years studied and worked in the tobacco factories. An excellent civil service system regulates the promotion and retention of these educated agents of the Government.

The regie now has 16 large factories, 27 storehouses for native tobacco, and four storehouses for imported tobacco. It employs more than 19,000 persons, ten hours per day, and nearly all of these are paid by the piece.

At the beginning of each year the Minister of Finances designates the Departments in France in which tobacco may be cultivated, and the extent of land which may be devoted to the plant. The last decree confined the privilege to 17 departments. The applications of farmers who wish to plant are examined by a Commission, which admits or rejects them. After the farmer gets permission to plant tobacco he is subjected to close official supervision and forced to comply with many stringent regulations. He cannot sow any other seed than that furnished by the Government; he must destroy the seed beds within a stated time after gathering the crop, and he must follow the Government's directions as to mode of planting, weeding, pruning, etc. The agents ascertain the area which he has under cultivation, and the number of plants, and they visit him later in the person to determine the number of leaves for which they will hold him accountable. After the tobacco has been gathered the farmer takes it to the Government storehouse, where it is classified by experts, and paid for in accordance with a tariff of prices announced by the Government before the seed was put in the ground. In this way the régie obtains a little more than one-third of its material; nearly all the remainder is bought in the United States.

The French farmer sends his tobacco to the storehouse imperfectly dried. The Government allows it to ferment in heaps in a temperature as high as 30 to 40 degrees Centigrade. After undergoing this treatment for from six to nine months the leaves which contain less than 20 per cent. of water are packed by hydraulic pressure in bales and hogsheads. The leaves are sent to the factory about 15 or 18 months after the harvest. In the factories they are deprived of their stems and are dampened with water containing 10 per cent. of marine salt to produce flexibility and prevent powdering. The regie manufactures and sells snuff, chewing tobacco, smoking tobacco, cigars, and cigarets.

The leaves which are made into snuff are cut into strips about half an inch wide. These are moistened with water or tobacco juice, and piled up in great heaps in rooms where a high and even temperature is maintained. Here they ferment for a month or so, and are then dried, ground into powder, and sifted. This powder is then wet and packed in wooden boxes, where it ferments for several months. When the samples taken from the bins indicate maturity, the perfected is packed in barrels and casks, and is ready for the market. In 1835 the regie's snuff-making process extended through three years; now the work is done 12 or 14 months. The Government takes nearly 15,000,000 pounds of snuff each year, and sells it to consumers at $1.00 per pound. It also sells a small quantity of foreign manufactured snuff at $1.40 per pound.

The habit of chewing tobacco is rapidly spreading in France, The sale of chewing-tobacco in 1861 amounted to 736,267 pounds, and in 1873 to 2,088,750 pounds. The regie manufactures no "fine-cut," but confines the French buyers to "natural leaf" in twists. The roles ordinaries are made of 40 per cent Virginia and Kentucky and 60 per cent French tobacco. The leaves are moistened and twisted into a rope about half an inch in diameter. These ropes are sold for smoking as well as chewing. If designed for chewing they are steeped in concentrated juice of tobacco, and subjected to compression. The roles menu files are twists of the size of slender cords made of French tobacco. They are steeped in concentrated tobacco juice, compressed by hydraulic force and desiccated in a current of hot air. They are sold in balls which look like tarred yarn. Molasses and licorice are not used. The carots are similar to the roles ordinares, and are used in Brittany. To these three kinds of chewing tobacco the Frenchman is limited.

The monopoly which allows the tobacco-chewers only twisted leaves, gives to the smokers no thing but fine cut. The greater part of the smoking-tobacco made and used in the United States consists of small flakes of the dry leaf, which has undergone treatment of various kinds. The French smoker has nothing of the sort. In France the leaves are fed to the knives of guillotines, which cut them into stringy masses like our "fine-cut." The tobacco then contains 25 per cent of water, and it is put into a revolving drying cylinder, in which it is dried and freed from albumen. Cold air is then passed through it, to drive out dust and heat. It is then packed in bins for several weeks, and is afterward put up in packages weighing from 40 grams upward. Each package bears figures which give the date of manufacture, the weight, the price, and the percentage of humidity. The prices vary from $1.00 to $2.19 per pound. There is also a quality which is sold to the army and navy, and to hospitals, at from 13 to 70 cents per pound.

The régie's methods of making cigars are nearly the same as those in use here. Those cigars which are sold for less than 10 centimes contain 44 per cent of native tobacco; the fillings of those which are sold for 10 centimes are exclusively Mexican and Brazilian tobacco, and some of the wrappers are the best native leaves; in making better cigars Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky leaves are used. At the Reuilly factory, near Paris, some good cigars are made of Havana tobacco, but the regie admits that the Cubans make better cigars out of the same quality of leaf.

The regie began to make cigarets in 1843, and then only 9,000 pounds of them were sold in a year; now the annual sales are nearly 900,000 pounds. Three classes of cigarets are made,—*cigarettes en caporal ordinaire, cigarettes en caporal superieur, and cigarettes du Levant*, or Turkish cigarets. There are 52 varieties, and the prices range from $1.31 to $13.13 per pound.

The régie sells its goods only to specially authorized agents, who sell to the public at retail. These agents are appointed by the Government in recognition of services performed for the State by them or their relatives. Their shops are called débits de tabac, and there are 40,000 of them in France. The agents buy from the regie at a fixed scale of prices, and must sell at other prices equally definite. Their profit is a little less than 10 per cent. The régie cigars seem to be well received, and complaints are rare. The cheaper kinds are poor in quality, but they are uniform in composition, free from adulteration, and honestly made. The régie manufactures and imports Havana cigars. Every brand which is demanded by the public to a paying extent is promptly put upon the market, and it is said that those who have made special importations for private use have gained no advantage thereby. The cigarets are well made, unadulterated, and uniform in quality. There has been much complaint about the quality of the wrapper, and the Government is trying to introduce better paper. The French seem to be satisfied with the regie's snuff, the prominent characteristics of which are purity and pungency. There seems to be room for great improvement in the manufacture of smoking tobacco. Much of the aroma and strength of the leaf are exhausted by the drying processes while the tobacco is in the heated cylinders. But consumers do not complain, having no American smoking tobacco with which to compare their own, and the revenue from this source is constantly increasing. It is reported that French chewing tobacco is raw, rank, and unsatisfactory to an American. But the man who buys a package of the Regie's goods can always be sure that he is getting nothing but tobacco; the productions of this monopoly are pure and unadulterated. It has been charged by interested persons that the Regie's goods are sometimes adulterated, but investigation reveals no proof of the truth of this assertion. It is also said that the cigar stumps, etc., which are picked up by the poor in French cities, are made into snuff by the Regie. This is not true; the refuse tobacco collected in this way is bought by nurserymen, florists and farmers, who use it as a compost, or to kill insects.

The capital of the monopoly at the end of the year 1873 was $21,829,104, and the actual profits for that year were $47,623,348, or nearly 200 per cent. on the capital. In 1820 the receipts were $12,834,362, and the expenses $5,037,107; in 1873 the receipts were $66,759,080, and the expenses $12,179,971. The regie's net receipts from July 1, 1811, to Dec. 31, 1878, were $1,903,841,335, and the net net expenses were $522,762,705, leaving a gain of $1,370,978,630. The two years which have passed since have raised that sum to about $1,500,000,000. Since 1820 the receipts have been multiplied by five, and the expenses by only two and a half. There has also been an increase of more than $20,000,000 in the value of the capital. The profits have been enormous in every year since the monopoly was established. Notwithstanding the effects of the war on commerce, and the loss of factories, store houses, and planters in Alsace and Lorraine, the receipts fell off but little in 1870–71–72, exceeding the expenses in those years by $116,700,000.

In 1878 France exported $2,635,875 worth of tobacco. Of this amount, $1,384,180 was the value of leaves sent to England and Switzerland, and $379,837 the value of cigars sent to England and Germany. Nearly all the remainder was smoking tobacco and snuff. In the same year France imported $8,122,194 worth of tobacco, of which $6,272,668 represented leaves (more than half of these from the United States), and $1,307,244 represented cigars, mostly from Cuba. In 1878 France imported from the United States $3,465,961 worth of tobacco leaf.

No manufactured tobacco can be imported into France by private persons, but the Government may give special permission to persons to import manufactured tobacco for their own use under a heavy tariff. But no one can import more than 22 pounds per year. The tariff upon such importations is $3.15 per pound on cigars and cigarets, $1.31 per pound on snuff and chewing tobacco, $2.19 per pound on Turkish smoking tobacco, and $1.31 per pound on all other smoking tobacco. These duties were imposed last June. The duty on cigars is nearly three times as great as in England, 12 time as great as in Germany and Belgium, and 20 per cent. greater than in Russia. The consumption of tobacco in France in 1873 was 1 4-5 pounds per head, but in Paris it was 3½ pounds per head. France is low in the scale of consumption; Belgium stands at the head of the list, with 5½ pounds; Germany is credited with 3½, Austria with 2 4-5, and Norway with 2½. But France gets a revenue from tobacco of $1.71 per head per year, while Austria gets but $1.31, Germany $1.30, and England $1.18.

The regie is dependent, as has been shown, upon this country for its supplies of leaf tobacco. An expert testified no long ago before a committee of inquiry in Paris that the native tobacco could never replace as to quality, development of leaves, and aroma, the tobacco of the United States.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

[*Not by Mr. Howells.*]

Chicago Tribune.

THE NUPTIALS.

By the Society Reporter.

The spacious and elegant parlors of the Hon. J. W. Boneset, whose position among the *haut ton* has been assured ever since he collected the insurance money on his store that burned up last Fall, were the scene last evening of an event which brought together about 300 of the *elite* of the City, it being nothing less than the nuptials of the host's eldest daughter, Miss Beatrice, to Rupert Rollingstone, esq., a prominent society young gentleman, who assists Messrs. Blank & Blank in conducting their extensive wholesale dry goods business. That it was the most *recherche* affair of the season none who were there can doubt. Fair women and brave men vied with each other in seeing who could eat the most ice cream, and it was universally remarked that no such lay out had been seen since the days of the Relief and Aid Society. The happy pair started East on the 9 o'clock train, and upon returning will reside with the bride's parents, providing the old man does not try to carry too much January wheat.

THE BRIDAL TOUR.

By the Railroad Reporter.

The funded debt of the I. X. & Z. Y. R. R., over which Mr. and Mrs. Rollingstone started for their wedding trip last evening, is $7,483,210.14, but it is believed that with the inauguration of the new freight tariff, this amount will be greatly reduced. A splendidly appointed drawing-room car was fitted up for the happy pair by the company, and it was indeed a pleasant picture to see them chatting gayly with a bevy of friends before the train started. In case the freight pool is broken, as now seems probable, it is pretty safe to say that grain shipments over this road will largely increase during the next three months. At last the hour of departure came, and the train moved slowly out of the depot, the bride looking beautiful as she threw kisses to the merry group of friends that stood on the platform. Whether or not Vanderbilt's scheme of consolidation will succeed it is hard to say, but that a new tariff on freights will have to be adopted with the opening of navigation is a foregone conclusion. The marriage is said to be all the friends of the parties to have been purely one of love.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

By the Marine Reporter.

"Avast heaving."

It was the Second Mate that spoke, and at his words the gang plank fell with a dull thud on the dock near the lee scuppers, just abaft the port paddle box, and the Lucy Ann stood boldly out into the East River. It was eight bells, and the starboard watch had been set. There was no larboard which, at the Captain had the clock hung on that side of the cabin, which answered as well, perhaps better, since the clock could not play sevenup when on duty.

The second mate went forward, carelessly picking his teeth with a marlinspike. When abreast of the mizzen halliards he clewed up his suspenderless pants and spoke to the wheelsman.

"How does she head," he said.

"West by nor'west, by north, by west nor'west."

"Why is New York harbor like a celebrated play?"

"Because it has two offings."

"Correct. Why is a farmer like a ship's rudder?"

"Because he is a tiller."

"Correct. Why is a bridegroom crossing the Atlantic like one of the ship's officers?"

"Because he is a boat swain."

By this this time the ferry boat had reached New York. Let us leave her there for a year.

THE VILLAIN.

By the Sporting Reporter.

Herbert Montravers was a handsome, but profligate young man on whom dissipation had set its hideous seal. His deep black eyes could beam with melting tenderness when looking into those of a trusting maiden or glitter with the cold, cruel gleam of a tiger as it watches its prey. He had seen Beatrice as she emerged from the hotel one evening, leaning on her husband's arm, and fallen violently in love with her Sangamon County grace. He had his mustache freshly dyed, and from that moment was a changed man. The next night he again watched at the hotel entrance, and threw the gleam of his breastpin in her off eye as she scored down from the ladies' parlor. She shrank back instinctively and broke the check hook of her back hair. Then she saw Herbert and blushed slightly. Rupert did not notice this, being engaged in falling over a trunk which the porter had apparently left there for that purpose.

"Herb looks like he might be first choice there," said one of his companions who was standing near by. "I must get a pool or two on him."

The next afternoon Beatrice went out alone. She had jogged perhaps half a mile and was getting well into her stride when she perceived a figure near by. Looking behind she saw Herbert about two lengths in the rear and going steadily. By the time she reached the three-quarter pole he was on her wheel. She carried him out pretty well at the next corner, but he was soon head and head with her, and, under a strong pull. Just then Beatrice hit her near ankle and went to a break. In her confusion she murmured something about having left her scalping boots at home. This remark opened the way for a conversation, and before they had returned to the hotel Herbert had told his love. But let us summarize;

Herbert	2 1
Rupert	1 dis.

Time—1:15: 47½.

THE DIVORCE.

By the

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to afford our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of THE BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor is not be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's advertisement is too valuable to be lowered indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

5. Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they may safely believe that the question is unworthy answered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with business communications or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

H. H. GAY, Troy Mills, Ia., wants the address of Washington Klingman.

H. O. H., Utica, O.: No one knows who the author of the Arabian Nights is.

WILLIAM ATKERSON, Dublin, O., wants the address of Seargent Charles Smith, Co. H., 62 Ill. Infantry.

B. H. J. FULLER, Rockport, Ks.: For the absence you desire from 1860 to 1869, write to the New York Tribune.

S. M., Wing's Station, N. Y.: It is not probable that the story, "A Round Half Million," will be published in book form.

Jordan Hardwick, Havanna, Gentry County, Mo., wants the address of Capt. Henry A. Oliver, Co. G, 164 Ill. Infantry, Vol.

E. A. STRAIGHT, Burns, Allegheny Co., N. Y., wants the address of his brother Hiram, who, when last heard from, was in a camp in Texas.

C. F. KLOTZ, Quasqueton, Buchannan Co., Iowa, wants the address of his brother August, who was lenst heard from in California in 1856-7.

W. H. DREESE, of Clarence, Iowa, wants the address of First Lieut. W. J. Burns, Company E, 10th Pa. Cavalry. Last heard of in Minnesota.

WM. C. JORDAN, 292 Market street, Allegheny, Pa., wants the address of his brother, George L. Jordan, formerly of the 1st West Va. Infantry.

J. H. PACE, Box 161, Rockbridge, Greene County, Ill., wants the address of Oscar Cooper, formerly of Tennessee; when last heard of was in Indiana.

SAMUEL TERRY, Goshen, Utah Co., U. T., would like to hear from his brother, Chester Steel, or his sister Mary Ann. When last heard from were living in Toledo.

GEORGE W. SCHOLES, of Clarinda, Page County, Ia., wishes the address of John W. Scholes, formerly of this County; served during the war in the first Nebraska.

Nathan Redman, Chatham, Ill., wants the address of Henry F. Teggett, 24th Infantry, U. S. A.; and also wants to know where the "K" Co. of that Regiment is stationed.

Ed Eadey, Raymore, Mo., would like the address of I. M. Nesmith, and that of Daniel Seaman, the former formerly of Troy, Iowa, and the latter from Marshall Co., Ill.

MISS CORA SPENCER, Cedarville, KANS.: Until the results of the census are published it will be impossible to give accurate statistics regarding the religious bodies of this country.

F. D. FERRIMORE, Ozark, Christian County, Mo., wishes the address of Dr. W. C. Day, who was Post Surgeon at Ozark, Mo., in 1863 and 1864 for the 14th Reg. M. S. M. Cav. Vol.

E. W. GOOCH, of Shelbyville, Mo., desires the address of the Assistant Surgeon of the 10th Cavalry, Missouri Volunteers, who was with the Regiment at Fort Larned, in August, 1865.

Can any person send to Dr. Geo. B. Spencer, Weston, O., the present P. O. address of Richard Wilson, who was a Corporal in Co. A, 34 O. V. C., and who was captured at Readyville, Tenn., Jan. 14, 1863?

E. R. S., Prattville, sends answer to the query about the distance a nail head in the tire of a buggy wheel would travel, while the wheel goes 100 miles, which being accompanied by a diagram we are unable to reproduce. He makes the answer 157.08 miles.

GEORGE A. HOOVER, Fisher's Ferry, Northumberland County, Pa., writes: "Can any one of the many readers of the BLADE tell me the whereabouts of Daniel or Mary Bastian or Daniel Zimmerman, who left Snyder County, Pa., some 25 years ago; last heard from in Pekin, Tazewille County, Ill.

M. E. MURPHY, box 1137, Mt. Vernon, O., desires to know the postoffice address of Reuben Oehler, Captain "A" Co., 170th O. V. I. He also —as President of the permanent regimental organization—would like to have the address of every living member of the Regiment, so that he may notify them of the time and place of the next reunion.

F. F., Fairview, Pa., writes: "Please explain why Gen. Jackson, of the Rebel Army, is called Stonewall Jackson."—It is commonly said that at the first battle of Bull Run, the Rebel General Bee encouraged the members of his command by exclaiming, "Stand fast boys, see Jackson over there like a stone wall." And from that time the name was always applied to him.

A SUBSCRIBER, Columbia City, Md., asks: "1. Can a soldier of the late war, who has never applied for a pension, yet apply and get a pension, if he makes his claim good? 2. If he makes his claim good, will he be entitled to arrearage of pension? 3. What would be the right course to pursue to obtain a pension?"—1-2. Yes. 3. Apply to J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

E. H., Golconda, Ill., asks: "Why did the Presidential mansion receive the name of White House? 2. When was the present White House built? 3. Can you give the address of some reliable company where I can get a stereoscope and views?"—1. Because thatIs its color? 2. At the close of the last century. 3. Apply at the nearest bookstore.

A SUBSCRIBER, Ligonier, Pa., asks: "Can guttapercha be bought by the pound and at what price? 2. Can it be used for coating iron to protect it from rusting, without paying a royalty?"—1. Apply to your druggist. 2. There is so much conflict of opinion in regard to the patents governing the use of gutta percha for all purposes that we dislike to say.

H. S. Humboldt, Kans., asks: "1. Why is it that Democrats generally say that the book Andersonville, written by McElroy, is a lie, and will not have anything to do with it? 2. When and where was General McPherson killed?"—1. It is another indication of the total depravity of Democrats. 2. He was killed on the 22d of July, 1864, in front of Atlanta.

J. F. PINCHSON, P. O. address, Jefferson City, Mo., care Col. Shumader, No. 140 N. B. wishes the address of Dr. Allen, who was in charge of the hospital at New Albany, Ind., in 1862 and 1863, or the Sergeant, or Dr. Fry, or any of the boys who were on provost guard then, or Dr. Goldsmith, in charge of barracks No. 7, Louisville, Ky., in 1863, or either of the doctors who were in charge of barracks No. 1, Louisville, in 1863.

J. PIPER, Visalia, Cal., writes: "I entered the army as an enlisted man April 22, 1861, served three months; enlisted again August 24, 1861, served as an enlisted man until March 14, 1864, which time I received a commission; was a commissioned officer until January 28, 1865. At the time I received my discharge as an enlisted man, March 14, 1864, I was paid $100 bounty. Under the law am I entitled to receive $100 more?"—We think there is no doubt that you are.

W. A. K., Canton Harbor, Mich., asks: "1. Can you tell me what ingredients are used to make a barometer, and the proportions of each? Please give the plural to the proper name of men, or James, or any proper noun."—All it is necessary is a barometer is a glass tube inches long, hermetically sealed at one end, filled with a vessel of mercury. 2. The declension of curtsy is as follows:

Singular.	Plural.
Curtsy,	Curtsies.
Curtsy's	Curtsies'.
Curtsies.	Curtsies.

A. R. K., West Dumitar, Vt., asks: "1. How many different articles is there imported into the United States from the foreign nations that requires a duty or tax to be paid on them, and what are the names of those articles, and what per cent. do they have to pay? 2. Are not the Democratic party in favor of free trade between the United Statel and foreign nations?"—1. Write to your member of Congress for a copy of the Morrill tariff law. 2. As a party it is, though there are a great many of its members who disclaim holding such principles.

L. L. A., Norwood, N. Y., writes: "Will you please tell me, thsough the Correspondents' Department, the addresses of: 1. The Queen of England? 2. The Czar of Russia? 3. Bismarck of Germany? 4. Victor Emanuel of Italy. 5. King of Spain? 6. Dom Pedro, of Brazil, and the address of James A. Garfield?—1. A postal to London will reach her. 2. Take our advice and don't write to him. He may think it is a Nihilist plot. 3. He spends a good deal of his time at Varzni, Germany. 4. The Dead Letter Office, as he's been dead going on four years. 5. Christine and the baby are at the Escurial, and when there are no bull fights going on he is generally near them. 6. Rio Janeiro. 7. Pres. Garfield has tons of unanswered letters now.

A SUBSCRIBER, Stockton, Utah, asks: "1. Can you give the origin of the phrase, 'Don't you forget it?' 2. Why do people denounce Sara Bernhardt? 3. Between what towns was the first railroad ever built in the United States?"—1. It was foisted upon a long suffering world by a man in the first stages of the softening of the brain, and its use by anyone is an infallible indication that the destructive deterioration of his brain tissue has already made lamentable progress. 2. Because of that unfortunate tendency in people to play follow my-leader to any sensational idiot who may attract their attention to a theme of which they are wholly ignorant. Sarah Bernhardt, to say the least, is no worse than thousands upon thousands who escape the disgraceful and unmanly persecution that has been directed against her. 3. The first railroad constructed in America was projected by Godley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1825, and was carried through by himself and Col. T. H. Perkins in 1826. It was designed to carry granite from the quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tide-water, and was four miles long. It cost $50,000.

LEANDER, Springfield, Mo., writes: "Following is a solution to James O. Chase's question in BLADE of December 23d: 87 feet is the hypothenuse, 21 is base; hence it is required to find the perpendicular, and add the perpendicular to the hypothenuse in order to find the hight of pole. To find the perpendicular when base and hypothenuse are given we have this rule: From the square of the hypothenuse subtract the square of the base; 87 squared equals 7569; 21 squared equals 441; 7569 minus 441 equals 6,608. The square root of 6,608 is 81.289 plus. Therefore 81 feet is the base, 81.289 plus feet is perpendicular, 87 feet is hypothenuse; 87 plus 81.289 plus equals 168.289 plus feet, the height of pole. The following is also a solution to E. R. P.'s question in BLADE of same date: 12 oxen in four weeks eat 18½ acres, and 21 oxen eat 10 acres in nine weeks. How many oxen will eat 24 acres in 18 weeks: 33 oxen eating 18½ acres in 18 weeks is equal to above statement. One ox will require 33 times as long to eat 18 acres as 33 oxen, that is 429 weeks, and in one week one 429th part of 18½ acres, or 27-858 of an acre, by one ox in one week. Now in order to find the part eaten by one ox in 18 weeks we multiply 27-858 by 18 27-858, multiplied by 18 gives 515-429, the part eaten by one ox in 18 weeks. Therefore it will take as many oxen to eat 24 acres in 18 weeks as 515-429 is contained times in 24, which is 42 10-37, which is the number of oxen required.

W. H., of Hanford, Cal., asks: "1. Did the soldiers who enlisted in 1861 prior to September 1 and were discharged for disability, sickness, etc., under two years, ever receive any bounty; and are they not deserving? 2. For whom was the office of General created? 3. Who first received the salary of $50,000 a year as President of the United States? 4. Is there not danger of heaping too many honors upon one man, and at the same time let many poor but worthy men suffer? 5. Will the Morey letter forgers get justice, or will they go clear and be ready for another job?—1. According to the regulations adopted by the War Department, such soldiers discharged before the end of two years, either on account of sickness, at their own request, or for promotion, were not entitled to receive the hundred dollars bounty. The justice of this regulation depends very much upon the circumstances connected with the individual case. A great many were discharged in this manner whom we think should have had the bounty. A great many others, chronic shirks and "hospital bummers," should not have had it. 2. For Ulysses S. Grant. 3. The same individual. 4. Yes. 5. Whether they get justice or not depends upon whether or not Bob Ingersoll's theory is correct. We are quite certain they will never get their just deserts in this world.

INQUIRER, Red Oak, Ia., asks: "Will you please give the originals of the characters in Beaconsfield's 'Endymion.'"—There have been quite a number of inquiries of this sort received, so to give a right view of the novel, and its characters, the story is thus briefly outlined: Endymion Farrar is a son of a Privy Counsillor, who, in the changes in public life, finds he is a political failure, and, in utter disgust, commits suicide. Two children survive, the twins, Myra and Endymion; the former is made a governess in a rich banker's family, the other has a minor clerkship under the government. The Secretary of State goes to the wealthy banker to woo the daughter, and instead woos Myra, the poor but beautiful governess. They are married, Myra and the Secretary, and the now wealthy and powerful sister is able to effectually further her brother's interests. His tailor, the great man, perceives he is an unusual person, and gives him a credit that is to run until Endymion's greatness is assured; from Adriana Neuchatel he receives £20,000 in a plain envelope, an obliging Premier aids the young man by raising him to a considerable position in the civil service, and at the same time is made the Premier's private Secretary. Then follows his entrance into Parliament, and into the Cabinet, and at last at the head of the Ministry. The book closes with the thanksgiving of Myra, widow of Lord Rochampton, and married to King Florestan, and Endymion—the one Queen of France, the other Premier of England. The following may be accepted as a substantially correct key to the characters in the novel of the ex-Premier, which is now being so extensively discussed:

Endymion	The Earl of Beaconsfield
Myra	The Empress Eugenie
Prince (afterward King) Florestan	Louis Napoleon
Lord Rhochampton	Lord Palmerston
Lord Hostfort	Lord Melbourne
Sidney Wilton	Lord Sidney Herbert
Lord Waldershare	Lord Strangford
Nigel Penruddock	Cardinal Manning
Mr. Jorrocks	Mr. Milner Gibson
St. Barbe	George Augustus Sala (disguised)
Dr. Comley Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam")	
Job Thornberry	Richard Cobden
Sir Francis Burdett	Sir Francis Scrope
Adrian Neuchatel	Lionel Rothschild
Adriana Neuchatel	Lady Rosebery
Vigo, the tailor	Poole
Count Ferrol	Prince Bismarck
Agrippina	Queen Hortense

Enigmas, Puzzles and Queries.

C. C. YOUNG, Liberty Center, O., writes: "In answer to the cannon ball question of H. R., Prairie Center, Ill., I would say that it requires the same resisting force to stop instantaneously a moving body with a certain momentum that it requires to start instantaneously the same body to the same momentum, making no allowance for friction of atmosphere. Hence the explosion stops the ball. The gun continuing its speed, leaves the ball to drop at the muzzle, (of course the muzzle pointing to the rear). One momentum equals the other. Now let me reverse the question and ask what would be the effect to reverse the cannon and discharge it with the running of the train. Would the velocity of the ball be doubled by the momentum or motion of the train when the gun is discharged?"

THE CANNON BALL.

A. J. G., Meadville, Mo., writes: "If the solution of J. L. I., Seneca, Ill., is incorrect, so also is the results of J. B., Toledo, O. The volume of the larger ball is 904.78 cu. in., instead of 90.78. The volume of the part cut away is 245.08, instead of 24.508 cu. in., as stated."

BECKAT, Neb. N. b., writes: Seeing the answer of J. L. I., Seneca, Ill., to the question asked by H. M. Chase, Sabatha, Ks., it immediately appeared to me that his answer was wrong. I make the capacity of the 12-inch ball equal 904.7856 cubic inches, and that of the small ball 65.45 cubic inches. The small ball in passing through the large ball would cut out a cylinder 5 inches in diameter, 12 inches in length, and rounded at the ends. The capacity of this cylinder, as I figure it, is 235.5934 cubic inches, the answer.

L. C. BAILEY, Hammondsport, N. Y., writes: "I send you an example which I should like some of the knowing ones to solve. It has the appearance of being an example that cannot be solved without knowing the answer. It is as follows: Having sold a consignment of cotton 3 per cent. commission, I am instructed to invest the [illegible] in [illegible] and 10 tons [illegible] as if I should [illegible] doors, [illegible] now [illegible] drafts [illegible] open [illegible] people [illegible] donation; at the [illegible] like [illegible] slat [illegible] put [illegible] ers or [illegible] used, [illegible] Let [illegible] ask me [illegible] the [illegible] Can [illegible] body [illegible] stenographer [illegible] the [illegible] pay [illegible] ages, [illegible] the [illegible] Salem [illegible] the [illegible] off? [illegible] Pate [illegible] m's [illegible] the [illegible] book [illegible] and [illegible] child [illegible] old [illegible] Pain [illegible] all [illegible] Sweet [illegible] the [illegible] Cures [illegible] nicks [illegible] sores [illegible]

Pens, [illegible] too [illegible] all [illegible] sun- [illegible] ily [illegible] on. [illegible] it a [illegible] dirs, [illegible] for, [illegible] Thin [illegible] in [illegible] finish [illegible] dan, [illegible] cots [illegible] with [illegible] er, [illegible] top [illegible] ing [illegible] ish [illegible] ch. [illegible] in [illegible] ing [illegible] ish [illegible] ed [illegible] ch. [illegible] ed [illegible] ed [illegible] ed

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1881.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Column 1—The Music of the Spheres.
" 1-2-3-4—The Mummy Trader.
" 5—Good Bye to Waterford.
" 4-5-6-7-8—The Fife of Infantrymen.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—Blade Club List—Miscellany.
" 2-3—Recent Publications—Miscellany.
" 4-5—Friendly Words—Tobacco Monopoly in France.
" 6—Their Wedding Journey.
" 7-8—Popular Science—Miscellany.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 3—Delayed Subscriptions—Miscellany.
" 4-5—Miscellany—Advertisements.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—The Telegraph Consolidation.
" 3—Grant Upon the Interoceanic Canal.
" 4—Virginia—Self-Control.
" 5—Practical Jokers—Paragraphs.
" 6—Nasby.
" 7—Current Events.
" 8—Blade Book List.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Home Letter.
" 3—Letter from Buckeye.
" 4—New York Letter.
" 5—A Week in Boston.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7—The Young Folks.
" 8—Miscellany.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—The Sunday School.
" 4—Glass Eyes.
" 5-6-7—Telegraphic News.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1—Telegraphic Condensation.
" 2-3-4—Latest Telegraphic News.
" 5-6—Review of the Week's Business.
" 7—Telegraphic Markets.
" 8—Advertisements.

Circulation this Week, 77,000

NASBY IN EUROPE.

Early in April next Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. PETROLEUM V. NASBY) sails for Europe, to make a tour six months in duration in those countries. He will communicate his impressions in his own peculiarly humorous way of what he sees there in a series of letters to the BLADE, which will appear from week to week during his absence. It can be confidently promised that these will prove an attraction that cannot help producing a sensation equaling any effort of our reverend contributor in the past. To have Europe, its institutions, armies, politics, rulers, manners and customs, modes of life, and kinds of drinks viewed through NASBY'S eyes, and tested by that philosopher's standards of measurement, can not help being by far the most fascinating reading that any one will or can offer to the reading public this year. As heretofore, Mr. NASBY will only write for the BLADE.

A NEW STORY.

A Border Tale of Tecumseh's Times.

We shall commence some time during next month, a powerful original Indian Border Story, written for the BLADE by CHARLES MCKNIGHT, of Philadelphia, a most successful author, whose "Simon Girty," "Pontiac," and other Indian stories, have been very widely read and admired.

The scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, during the stormy times at the end of the last century, when the Indians were making their last great stand to roll back the tide of white invasion of their beloved hunting grounds, and the Maumee Valley was the scene of desperate conflicts between the Americans under Mad ANTHONY WAYNE, Gen. HARRISON and others, and the British and Indians under TECUMSEH and other noted leaders. The title of the story will be:

"WHITE PIGEON;"
OR,
MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S SCOUTS,
A Border Tale of Tecumseh's Time.

It cannot help being a recital of most thrilling interest. See that your subscription does not lapse, so that you will be spared from missing any numbers.

EX-SEC. DELANO has given $10,000 to Kenyon College.

WILLIAM H. BARNUM, strange to say, don't want to be investigated.

IT is simply impudence in Mr. CANNON to claim office in a country that he has never become a citizen of.

THOSE out of employment and desiring a safe, profitable and pleasant business, should address Lock Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE West will now have an opportunity to compete with the East in furnishing supplies, as no contracts are to be taken until they have been advertised for 60 days.

SEN. BLAINE has declared most emphatically in favor of putting Gen. GRANT on the retired list of the Army with the rank of General, which title was created for him.

JAMES G. FAIR, the newly-chosen Senator from Nevada, is one of the original quartett of Bonanza princes, and is assessed in California alone for $42,000,000. Besides his share in the Consolidated Virginia mines, he is a large owner of real estate.

THERE is said to be a proposition to a compromise in the Sprague divorce suit, by each party withdrawing the allegations of adultery against the other, and seeking a divorce on other grounds. It is to be hoped that this will be accomplished.

WITHIN the last three months 2,500 German emigrants have sailed from their homes to Texas direct, because they could get their passage cheaper. They do not, however, get along so well after their arrival there, as no provision is made to take care of them.

PERHAPS the coldest day that was ever known in this country was the seventh of February, 1807, when a mild morning changed into a Arctic afternoon and night so suddenly as suspend all traffic and outdoor work, while many people froze in their beds. This has been an exceptional season, but we trust next month has no such cold wave in store for us.

THE TELEGRAPH CONSOLIDATION.

The consolidation of the telegraph lines under one head is a matter to excite serious reflection, both as to the thing itself and the way it was accomplished. In the first place, it bids us relinquish all hope of competition in telegraphy. It is hardly possible that any attempt to bring about such competition will ever be seriously made again, and even if made it will be received with a public distrust so profound and chilling as to go far towards stifling it. Future projectors of rival systems will have the utmost difficulty in convincing people that they do not intend simply to force their own entrance into a share of a great and profitable monopoly, and that as soon as they have developed their enterprise into sufficient magnitude to be worth buying up they will not hasten to feather their own nests with plumes plucked from the confiding stockholders.

There never was—and probably never will be again—so fair an opportunity for organizing a successful opposition to the Western Union as has been given up in this instance. For years the managers of the trunk lines other than the New York Central have been very much dissatisfied with having all their telegraphic business liable at any time to the inspection of the man who controlled their greatest competitor, as well as the Western Union. The Baltimore & Ohio people took the lead in rebelling against this, by erecting an independent line of telegraph for their own use, and which did all their own business, whether relating to the working of their roads, or financial manipulations outside of that. Their lead was followed to some extent by the managers of the Pennsylvania and the Erie, though neither of these corporations went to the length, we believe, of erecting their own lines, and withdrawing all their business from the Western Union.

In time this movement took the shape of the organization of the American Union Company, and when Mr. GOULD came to the head operations for making the system national in extent, and for a vigorous struggle for a division of business were pushed forward with the greatest vigor. Though the memory of the absorption of the Atlantic & Pacific, upon which so many hopes were built was still quite fresh, people persuaded themselves that there could be no consolidation now, for the men at the head of the two opposing institutions clashed in so many of their operations that they could not—in accordance with the principles of self-preservation—permit any opportunity for either to exercise any espionage over the communications of the other. It is now shown, what might have been known from the first, to-wit, that this was a merely incidental consideration, and could weigh little against the advantages and profits of holding a monopoly of the business.

What has now been done is in strict accordance with the tendency of the age, which propels strongly toward these great monopolies, that dominate the Nation. We must make up our minds to seeing each one of our great interests become consolidated into one great corporation that will thoroly control it from one ocean to the other. The momentous question of the future is the regulation of the relations of these giant corporations to the community, and in that pregnant womb are as many evil issues as came out of PANDORA'S box.

The consolidated company will doubtless be on its good behavior for awhile, and not attempt any encroachments, because the temper of the people is not good towards the consolidation, and only the adoption of a very liberal policy will prevent a renewal with greatly increased strength, of the movement to place the telegraphs under the control of the Post Office Department. But it would be an anomaly in the history of monopolies if the possession of complete control of the business is not followed by gradual progress toward most oppressive exactions upon the community.

People who study the morals of the age will find much to concern them in the manner in which this consummation was brought about. If the reports from Wall street are correct Messrs. GOULD and VANDERBILT, and the cliques behind them, deliberately set a trap for those outside their ring, and tolled their victims into it with as much cunning as a bunko steerer manipulating a young man from the country anxious to see the sights. They have the usual excuse that they only beat out of their money men who were figuring to beat others, but this is of as little moral validity when applied to a grab of millions on Wall street, as when used by a three-card monte man to justify him in taking a $10 bill from an over-confident better on a railroad train. The principle is precisely the same in both instances.

THE Navy has the same sort of a ring in Washington as the Army. It is even more compact and symmetrical, for outsiders never interfere with its operations. Everybody in this country now knows something about the Army, and can criticize its methods with intelligence. But the Navy is a sealed book to all—even to the President and the Secretary of the Navy. The only men who know anything about it are a lot of old Commodores who sit in Olympian greatness and obscurity at Washington, and dispense favors and promotions in the Secretary of the Navy's name, but to suit themselves. One of their characteristic capers was to secure the passage of a law at the last session of Congress that two non-commissioned officers of the Navy were to be promoted to commissions. It was supposed that this was to be done to reward some peculiarly deserving men. But what was the astonishment of some active promoters of the bill to find out afterwards that two men whom the Commodores wanted to billet on the Nation had been enlisted in the Navy one day, promoted to non-commissioned officers the next, and to commissions on the third.

THE report from Russia that there is a prospect of brighter times there, and that real reforms tending towards liberal ideas have been commenced, will be greeted with pleasure by all this side of the water who have been watching the disturbed condition of the people and dreading some great revolution involving terrible bloodshed.

WE have just issued a revised catalog of books for sale by the BLADE. In the new catalog we have cut out all the exhausted books, and added new ones. We have also reduced the price so low that every family may purchase a whole library. Drop us a postal for the new catalog.

GRANT UPON THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

The article by Gen. GRANT to appear in the next number of the *North American Review* is of importance simply because it expresses the opinion of one who has had every opportunity to form a just one, and in whose judgment the country has great confidence. The magnitude of the scheme is such as to demand the best thought that can be given before the work is fairly inaugurated. The General has advanced no particularly new ideas, but his views are stated with a clearness and precision that shows a great deal of extended deliberation upon the subject.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a statement of the advantages that would result from the construction of such a communication between the two oceans. The rapid growth of the United States in wealth and commerce, and the long, tedious passage from shore to shore around Cape Horn called attention to the matter as long ago as 1825, when correspondence and negotiations were commenced and have continued with more or less steadiness up to the present. About the time of the breaking out of the civil war, plans had been nearly perfected with France and England for the beginning of the work, but that put an end to it, for the time. Now, however, the wonderful development of trade and commerce have made an interocean canal of more importance than ever to the United States and the world. Water transportation is an absolute necessity for the merchandise of the Pacific States of both North and South America. More than 400,000 tons of freight are shipped from the ports of Chili Eastward every year and 1,000,000 tons of grain from California, Oregon and the Western Territories. Moved by rail alone and the freightage would be enormous. Now this great mass of products—the larger part—must go around Cape Horn to its market, which necessitates a loss of time which is most valuable to the producer, shipper, and consumer. Before the days of rapid transit, it did not so much matter, but things have materially changed. By canal as proposed, the "distance from New York to Hong Kong is shortened 5,870 miles; from New York to Yokohama, 6,800 miles; from New York to San Francisco, 8,600 miles; from New York to Honolulu, 6,980 miles; from Liverpool to San Francisco, 6,065 miles; and from Liverpool to Callao, 4,374 miles; so that we need no longer question the value of an interoceanic canal on the Western Continent, as we have long since abandoned all doubt of the value of the Suez Canal to the commerce of the nations of the East."

The General then discusses the question as to which of the two principal routes now under consideration is the most feasible. As is well known, he thinks the one by Nicaragua altogether the best. Not only is it much cheaper, the cost being estimated at about one-fourth of that by Panama, but there are other advantages, which he states as follows:

The case and economy with which the Canal can be constructed.
The admirable approaches to it from the sea, both east and west.
The distance saved between Liverpool and the North American ports over that of the Panama route.
The distance saved, also, between New York and other Atlantic Cities, and the ports of the United States on the Pacific.
It has not the drawback of the calms that are characteristic of Panama Bay.

The facilities for construction, surveys have shown to be extraordinary in the Nicaraguan route, while the liberal concessions of the Government of Nicaragua are greatly to the advantage of the United States. They provide that there shall be no interference by Custom House officials except where it is necessary to prevent a violation of the custom laws.

Such is the substance of Gen. GRANT'S ideas as presented in this paper. The last part of the article is taken up with a discussion of the past and present policy of the United States in regard to any great work upon this continent. He commends an "American Canal upon American soil to the American people" and this is what the carrying out of the Nicaraguan plan would give to this Nation.

THE hide business is suffering from the cold weather in a way little understood outside the ranks of that branch of trade. The season between the first of September and the first of April is the harvest time for the hide business. Then nearly all the cattle are slaughtered that are killed during the year, and their skins are sent to market. The thing which has the most effect in determining the value of a hide is the presence or absence of "grubs." These are the larvæ of a small black fly which stings the cattle in the Summer and Fall, and makes the puncture a nidus for its eggs. Prairie cattle, having no protection from woods or brush, are particularly subject to the attacks of the fly. Grubs in a hide diminish its value fully one-third. As all the hides received by buyers for some months now have been frozen as hard as blocks, it has been impossible to examine them for grubs; dealers have had to take their chances, and they are all awaiting, with much anxiety the revelations that a thaw will make as to the quality of their purchases.

WE get scores of letters daily from agents who say the BLADE is the easiest paper to canvass for they have ever tried. It is not at all difficult to obtain from 20 to 30 names to send in at a time, and most agents have sent us a half-dozen clubs already this season, with prospects of obtaining a half dozen more before Spring. The truth is the BLADE is so well known and well liked, that the subscriber hunts the agent, instead of waiting for the agent to call on him. If you have no agent at your Postoffice, act as agent yourself. Send to us for confidential terms to agents, posters and specimens. We are liberal to applicants. Send the names of your friends who would like to see a copy.

THE majority of the Parliamentary commission appointed to investigate the Irish land troubles, has reported recommending the adoption of the three F's—fair rents, free sales and fixity of tenure. The commission proposes that rent be fixed by two arbitrators, one representing the tenant and the other the Land Court, with power to summon an umpire if necessary, and that the rent, when fixed, is to remain unchanged for 21 years. The commission would take away the power of eviction, except for non-payment of rent, sub-letting or waste. Occupying tenants are not to be allowed to contract themselves out of the act, but non-occupying tenants are allowed to do so, subject to certain limitations; and corporations and limited owners should be enabled to sell, the amount of an annual payment not to exceed the present rate.

VIRGINIA.

The Debt-Payers of Virginia, with a pardonable pride, insist that their State is not growing poorer from year to year, as the Re-adjusters claim, but that this belief is due to the demagogic talk of politicians who are forever telling the people that they are over-taxed, and being slowly ground down into bankruptcy. The Debt-Payers support this statement by pointing out many instances of flagrant undervaluation of property made on this assumption that the State is growing poorer. Whole Counties have their farming lands appraised at an average of $6 an acre, where the selling price is an average of $25, and the like obtains in regard to other property. In Counties where the Debt-Payers have control the average of appraisement is made much higher, and they claim that the State is gradually, though slowly gaining wealth. This commendable spirit is worthy of admiration, as is every effort of men to make the best of their situation, and to meet their honest obligations, but there hardly seems sufficient basis for believing that Virginia is making progress toward wealth. We leave out of the consideration the unfortunate social and economic conditions which clog, for these are remediable. But there is one cause of still more importance which is not remediable. This is that Virginia is, agriculturally, a worn-out State. Her soil, never very strong or deep, has been exhausted by negros, shiftless cultivation and tobacco. This was apparent 50 years ago, at which date began the great emigration of Virginians to the fertile lands beyond the Alleganies. It is true that there is still much good land in the Shenandoah Valley, the fertility of which has been preserved by the careful working of the Germans and Quakers who streamed over into it from Pennsylvania, but this is a relatively small area.

Tobacco, wheat nor corn can now be raised anywhere in Virginia in competition with the fertile West. Every young Virginian of sufficient enterprise to make a journey from home can not help seeing this, and comprehending that his chances for success in life are infinitely better almost anywhere else than upon the thin soil of his native acres. This is the worst affliction that Virginia labors under, for every year it robs her of all the young men who would do great work in building her up, and gives their energies to the up-building of other localities. If she could stop the emigration of her sons for 10 years, the next census would show a remarkable advance.

The only hope for the State—like that of all the Southern seaboard States—lies in the development of some special industries peculiarly favored by the climate, and which will call for high and scientific cultivation. It is probable that some day she will derive greater wealth from the raising of silk, or flowers for fragrant essential oil, or some species of fruit, than any other State now does from raising corn or cotton. When she finds this out she will begin to develop rapidly in wealth, which she can never do but in the cultivation of the products that are her stables at present.

SELF-CONTROL.

Considerable excitement was caused recently in Boston by a lecture delivered by Dr. CROSBY, of New York, upon the subject of "A Calm View of Temperance." His opinions differ widely from what are held, or rather what are preached from the pulpits of most divines, condemning, as he does, the total abstinence doctrine as pernicious in the extreme, and the cause of more drunkenness than it prevents. The true principle, he says, is self-control and not prohibition. He would have the latter exercised only in the case of distilled liquors, allowing the general sale and use of vinous and malt liquors.

There is no doubt but that as the Reverend gentleman asserts, the word "temperance" has been perverted from its meaning by radical reformers. Its real lesson is moderation in everything and it does not apply simply and wholly to the matter of abstaining from strong drinks, but to the indulgence of all the passions that belong to the human family. As much evil comes from intemperance in eating as from anything else only that the results are not so violently apparent, nor so immediate. Many of the worst miseries of this life—some of the most unendurable agonies come from this source, although it is rarely recognized.

There is an absolute necessity for stringent laws in regard to the sale and use of distilled spirits. But no man has a right to get drunk under any circumstances. He has no right to place himself in a condition which will render him liable to commit an injury to another. It is absolutely wrong for him to do what will blunt his moral perceptions, craze his brain, and reduce him for the time to the level of a brute. Any violence committed while in that state should be punished as it would be were he sober, simply because he has no business to do that voluntarily which would deprive him of his senses. If this should be carried out in every community there would be far less drunkenness than now, simply because of fear of consequences. No doubt, as in the case of hereditary taste amounting to a passion, the course would sometimes seem to be a cruelty, but the good of the community is always to be considered rather than the individual. When this inherited taste is overwhelmingly strong, the law should restrain its indulgence, just as it restrains an insane person.

The truth is, the great lesson to be learned, now as always, is self-control. With so much wider knowledge of consequences that each year gives, humanity ought to obtain greater moderation in everything. Arbitrary rules necessary for the control of ignorance should not be needed by intelligence, except in abnormal cases. Regulation's put people upon their guard and hence these are a wise part of the government. The man or woman who persuades another to moderation and self-restraint does a far greater work than one who forcibly controls.

THE territory for the sale of "Old Dr Carlin's Recipes," is being taken every day. This collection of useful knowledge has been sold by the million in England, and it is destined to have a large sale in this country. It has been edited to adapt it to American uses, by the most practical professionals in the country, and is really a book which should be in every house. It will make a good business for any one competent to handle it. For full particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio. A postal card will answer all purposes.

PRACTICAL JOKERS.

The world is blessed or cursed with a certain class of people who are never content unless they are playing a practical joke upon some poor victim whose chagrin or misery occasions the most frantic merriment upon their part. So long as this is confined to innocent, harmless little pranks it does not so much matter, although it is very apt even then to engender bitter feelings. No one likes to feel himself out-witted, or to speak vulgarly—made a fool of. Without being egotistical there yet lurks in the minds of the majority of persons the belief that they cannot be humbugged, and to find themselves practically "sold" by some one who is no whit their superior, and perhaps in their heart of hearts deemed somewhat below them in mental caliber, is, to say the least, mortifying, and there is nothing that arouses anger so quickly as to be needlessly humiliated. Yet some funny little thing may be done occasionally which will only arouse mirth in both parties, the victim and the victimizer.

Practical jokers, however, do not always stop to consider the effects of what they do, and frequently become the most unmitigated nuisances. The possibility of successful hoaxing a friend or acquaintance dawns upon them and away they go chuckling over their plans to make it a success. Either they do not foresee that the result will give pain, or they do not care if it does, if only their object is gained. And indeed there seems to be a lack of kindness in the inveterate practical joker, a blunting of the sensibilities so far as consideration for others are concerned, to be found in no other class of people, except in the absolutely vicious. It is, doubtless, the development of a species of innate cruelty, the same in kind as that which prompts the child to impale an insect in order to see it writhe in misery, or to pull off a butterfly's wings to prevent its flying. In fact, an inveterate practical joker needs looking after by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty as much as many other individuals addicted to practices that result in harm to the helpless or undefended.

This may seem harsh, but when such things are done as was related to have happened in Jersey City the other day it appears just. A switch engineer, an industrious, energetic man with a family, met and formed a friendship with a young man employed in the same yard, whom he finally took into his house as a boarder. The latter imposed upon his friend with stories of his great influence at railroad headquarters, and promised to procure for him a more eligible situation than the one he was then filling. Later it was announced to the engineer that he was appointed General Manager of the New York and Northern Railroad, and all that remained was to have the signature of the Superintendent. Imagine the man's delight. In effect he resigned his situation, and upon his promise of giving them better positions, three others did the same. Time passed and the Superintendent's signature was not obtained, and finally the young man announced his death. Of course the whole thing was a practical joke, but the effect of the disappointment upon the engineer was terrible. For a time it was feared that his reason was gone, but at last accounts he was recovering.

This is only one out of many abominable outrages that have been perpetrated under the guise of a *joke*. There is no legal redress for the victim. He is absolutely powerless unless he should choose to give his tormentor a good thrashing and then he himself would be liable to arrest for assault and battery. There does not, in fact, seem to be any way to suppress that walking nuisance—a practical joker.

COMMISSIONER of Pensions BENTLEY gives some good advice to applicants for pensions. It is to leave the pension agents at Washington alone, for they can do no good, and the money paid them is thrown away. He says "a claimant can and will in all cases get his claim examined and decided upon, and his pension, if one is due him, sent him precisely as well and just as quickly if he transacts his business himself directly with the Department, and he will save money by doing so. The whole business has been so carefully simplified by the Pension Bureau that there is no mystery at all about it requiring the intervention of an agent here or at any other place. Congress and the Pension Bureau have co-operated to this end, because it would be great injustice to poor soldiers or their heirs to oblige them to engage lawyers to get their claims allowed. The whole system of claim-agents here is an outrage upon the Treasury and on the country, and on honest pensioners as well. They are constantly searching for some excuse to make a claim against the Government, because they divide the proceeds if they can succeed."

PEOPLE sometimes do the most dangerous things as the result of bantering, or to show some doubter how courageous they can be. The venture of the three men at Niagara Falls last week was an instance of the first. They worked their way with great effort over the ice to a log which had lodged in the rapids about 40 rods above Goat Island and spiked a sign 4 feet by 12 feet upon it upon which were the words, "Go East via Erie Railway." Just as they were finishing a shout from the shore told that something had occurred, and they turned to discover that in consequence of moving the log while working, the ice was breaking up all around them. Picking up some loose boards that they used as paddles, they slowly struggled to the shore which they at least reached safely.

THOSE who wish the book advertised elsewhere, "The Struggles of Nasby," must send immediately. There are but a few hundred copies left, and they are going out rapidly. It is a beautiful book of over 600 pages, illustrated by NAST, with an introduction by CHAS. SUMNER. It is a complete collection of the Nasby Letters from the beginning to the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, and has never been sold for less than $3. We send it to any address for $1.25, or with the BLADE one year for $2.50. Send for it at once.

IT is reported that Americans in Paris severely criticize the DE LESSEPS scheme for the Panama Canal, claiming that it is a high handed swindle, and that the worst sufferers will be the poor people in France who imagine it to be a mine of untold value for them, and are consequently readily investing their spare means.

NASBY.

ng ago before a committee of inquiry
Paris that the native tobacco could
ver replace as to quality, development
f leaves, and aroma, the tobacco of the
nited States.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

[*Not by Mr. Howells.*]
Chicago Tribune.
THE NUPTIALS.
By the Society Reporter.

The spacious and elegant parlors of the Hon. J. W. Boneset, whose position among the *haut ton* has been assured ever since he collected the insurance money on his store that burned up last Fall, were the scene last evening of an event which brought together about 300 of the *elite* of the City, it being nothing less than the nuptials of the host's eldest daughter, Miss Beatrice, to Rupert Rollingstone, esq., a prominent society young gentleman, who assists Messrs. Blank & Blank in conducting their extensive wholesale dry goods business. That it was the most *recherche* affair of the season none who were there can doubt. Fair women and brave men vied with each other in seeing who could eat the most ice cream, and it was universally remarked that no such lay out had been seen since the days of the Relief and Aid Society. The happy pair started East on the 9 o'clock train, and upon returning will reside with the bride's parents, providing the old man does not try to carry too much January wheat.

THE BRIDAL TOUR.
By the Railroad Reporter.

The funded debt of the I. X. & Z. Y. R. R., over which Mr. and Mrs. Rollingstone started for their wedding trip last evening, is $7,483,210.14, but it is believed that with the inauguration of the new freight tariff, this amount will be greatly reduced. A splendidly appointed drawing-room car was fitted up for the happy pair by the company, and it was indeed a pleasant picture to see them chatting gayly with a bevy of friends before the train started. In case the freight pool is broken, as now seems probable, it is pretty safe to say that grain shipments over this road will largely increase during the next three months. At last the hour of departure came, and the train moved slowly out of the depot, the bride looking beautiful as she threw kisses to the merry group of friends that stood on the platform. Whether or not Vanderbilt's scheme of consolidation will succeed it is hard to say, but that a new tariff on freights will have to be adopted with the opening of navigation is a foregone conclusion. The marriage is said to be all the friends of the parties to have been purely one of love.

CROSSING THE FERRY.
By the Marine Reporter.

"Avast heaving."

It was the Second Mate that spoke, and at his words the gang plank fell with a dull thud on the deck near the lee scuppers, just abaft the port paddle box, and the Lucy Ann stood boldly out into the East River. It was eight bells, and the starboard watch had been set. There was no larboard which, at the Captain had the clock hung on that side of the cabin, which answered as well, perhaps better, since the clock could not play seven up when on duty.

The second mate went forward, carelessly picking his teeth with a marlinspike. When abreast of the mizzen halliards he clewed up his suspenderless pants and spoke to the wheelsman.

"How does she head," he said.

"West by nor'west, by north, by west nor'west."

"Why is New York harbor like a celebrated play?"

"Because it has two offings."

"Correct. Why is a farmer like a ship's udder?"

"Because he is a tiller."

"Correct. Why is a bridegroom crossing the Atlantic like one of the ship's officers?"

"Because he is a boat swain."

By this this time the ferry boat had reached New York. Let us leave her here for a year.

THE VILLAIN.
By the Sporting Reporter.

Herbert Montravers was a handsome, but profligate young man on whom dissipation had set its hideous seal. His deep black eyes could beam with melting tenderness when looking into those of a rusting maiden or glitter with the cold, cruel glare of a tiger as it watches its prey. He had seen Beatrice as she merged from the hotel one evening, leaning on her husband's arm, and fallen violently in love with her Sangamon County grace. He had his mustache freshly dyed, and from that moment was a changed man. The next night he again watched at the hotel entrance, and threw the gleam of his breastpin in her off eye as she soared down from the ladies' parlor. She drank back instinctively and broke the check book of her back hair. Then she saw Herbert and blushed slightly. Rupert did not notice this, being engaged in sailing over a trunk which the porter had apparently left there for that purpose.

"Herb looks like he might be first choice there," said one of his companions who was standing near by. "I must get a pool or two on him."

The next afternoon Beatrice went out alone. She had jogged perhaps half a mile and was getting well into her stride when she perceived a figure near by. Looking behind she saw Herbert about two lengths in the rear and going steadily. By the time she reached the three-quarter pole he was on her wheel. She carried him out pretty well at the next corner, but he was soon head and head with her, and, under a strong pull. Just then Beatrice hit her near ankle and went to a break. In her confusion she murmured something about having left her scalping boots at home. This remark opened the way for a conversation, and before they had returned to the hotel Herbert had told his love. But let us summarize;

Herbert.....2
Rupert.....1

Time—1:15; 47¼.

THE DIVORCE.
By the Law Reporter.

The court was full.

I mean the court room was full. Of course the Court might have been full, but it would be libelous to say so. (See 2 Ills., p. 77, Nix vs. Stix.)

"Silence in the court!" said the Bailiff. He did not say this with any idea that anybody would mind, but because he got $3 a day for it.

The case of Rollingstonne vs. Rollingstone, application for divorce on the ground of cruelty, was to be heard. The first witness was Beatrice.

"What is your name, madame?" asked her lawyer.

"Beatrice Rollingstone."

"Maiden name?"

"Boneset."

"Has your husband treated you cruelly?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what respect?"

"He said I could not make mince pies like his mother."

"What resemblance does the defendant's mother bear to a mince pie?" inquired the Court.

"Oh, I meant that he said I couldn't make as good pies as his mother could."

"Let the divorce be granted," said the Judge.

Rupert stood like one stunned, but finally turned the door in a dazed sort of way, saying to himself: "Betrayed by a mince pie. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

Caution insures safety, and all cautious people cure their colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

TWO VERY CHEAP BOOKS.

We have left in stock 20 copies of the very largest cloth-bound edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary, regular price $4.00, which we will mail to any address on receipt of $2.50. It is very complete, containing over 1,000 pages. We shall have no more of them after this supply is exhausted. We also have about 50 copies of Kendall's Horse Book, bound in cloth. Regular price 50 cents; we will mail it on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Grant has been elected President of the World's Fair Commission.——A St. Louis young lady visited the house of a lady friend, whose brother invited her to take a walk. Going to a restaurant, he induced her to drink liquor which had been drugged, and then he and three companions took her to an out-of-the-way place and violated her person, leaving her in a most pitiful condition.——On the 28th of last month took place the 34th case of cremation at Gotha. The first occurred Dec. 10, 1878.——A bill is to be introduced in the Delaware Legislature exempting from taxation, for 10 years at least, all persons coming into the State with the intension of colonizing.——Mr. d'Ouville, Superintendent of a French line of steamers, has been on a visit to Virginia, with the object, it is said, of inspecting the land in the interest of would-be French immigrants.——Western distillers, brewers and tobacco manufacturers complain of the scarcity of revenue stamps.——The bankers of Baltimore have been victimized to the tune of $15,000 by forged checks.——Mamie Hogg, of Bloomington, Ills., whose father five years ago shot and killed his son, and wounded her, committed suicide Wednesday.——At a recent bird show in Berlin, Germany, green canaries were exhibited. Others were red, light brown, and gray. The variations of color had been caused by the daily use of cayenne pepper in their food. The pepper was at first given in small quantities, and the birds appeared to like it, but the feathers soon fell, giving them a moulting appearance. In a short time new feathers of divers colors sprouted. The variations were ascribed to the different qualities of the pepper and to the quantity given.——Marie Williams, the burlesque artist was badly disfigured, while playing in New Orleans, by Miss Clara Mabel, who in the character of "Cupid" accidentally shot an arrow in Miss Williams' face, blacking one of her eyes.——Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes an inmate of the Minnesota Hospital for the Insane, was murdered Wednesday, by another inmate, named Mrs. Olive A. Andrews.——There is exceptional bitterness against Germany and Russia just now. A series of articles has lately appeared advocating "a social and political crusade of contempt" against Germany.——The *Chicago Tribune* thinks that there are no grounds for a Chinese labor scare. In population of 864,000 in California there are less than 30,000 Chinese, and this number is rapidly diminishing.——The books of the Paris Morgue show that during the year 1880 a total of 806 bodies, the results of crime, suicide, and accident, were deposited in that grim establishment. These figures show an increase of 195 over those referring to the year 1879.——At East St. Louis, Mary Stock attended the funeral of her cousin Maggie, and while stooping over to kiss the remains, dropped dead upon the coffin.——Gen. Garfield has been visited at Mentor by a delegation of colored men, who want the condition of the colored people in the South bettered.——Mrs. Bridget Fay, of Brooklyn, attempted to ring the door bell at the residence of Mrs. Tamlone, Brooklyn, when the wire broke and she fell to the pavement, sustaining injuries for which she now sues Mrs. T. for $10,000 damages.——It is now announced that the improvement in the Welland Canal will be finished by midsummer.——Harris M. Plaisted has been inaugurated Governor of the State of Maine.——Fifty thousand colliers are on a strike in Lancashire England, and the consequent scarcity of coal has compelled a number of furnaces and factories to stop work.——Down in the west of England, the other day, says the London *Truth*, a man who was about to be married, went to the chief Town of the County a day or two before his wedding. His fiancée supposed he would bring her back a handsome present, and her feelings may be imagined when, on his return, he informed her that he had gone over in order to enter her in two burial clubs.——The annual meeting of the National Mexican Veterans' Association is to be held in Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of February, and the residents of that City are making arrangements for a grand time.——Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Boston, has just made a number of liberal gifts to various colleges, in addition to those recently made.——The 71st Regiment, New York National Guards goes to New Orleans on a friendly visit, leaving on the 24th of February.——Concentrated food will not alone sustain life. Every animal requires a certain volume of food to maintain the natural expansion of the stomach, and hay and other articles are mingled with the more nutritious grains. The large horses along the Moselle and Saar, in Germany, really eat saw dust mingled with their oats. Its nutritive qualities are very slight.——The Fall River Steamboat Company has contracted for a larger passenger boat than the "Naragansett."——Rev. Daniel McCarthy, a Brooklyn curate, attended a New York dinner, took more wine than he was accustomed to, and was jailed by the police.——A delegation of letter carriers has been before the Senate Committee on Post-offices, to urge better pay and more rapid advancement.——When Sen. Platt, of New York, was nominated for United States Senator Sen. Conkling congratulated him as a man who "never apologized for being a stalwart Republican." Camden Place, Chiselhurst, will not pass to an obscure tenant when the Empress quits it. Leopold Rothschild has leased it. The last millionaire who had it, Mr. Thomson Bonar, was murdered there. Few homes have had more remarkable occupants. Camden, the antiquary, and Pratt (Lord Camden) the successful lawyer, who took his title from it, were predecessors of the ex-Emperor.——Pres. Hayes on Thursday gave a State dinner to the Supreme Bench and a few other guests.——Masked robbers are going through the stage coaches in Texas, relieving passengers of all their loose change.——A. Watson, a Baltimore Civil Engineer claims that he advocated the plan of a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, such as Capt. Eads is now agitating. 20 years ago, and has the documents to prove it.——At length the Emma Mine matter has been amicably adjusted.——It is reported that the Empress of Austria has taken for the hunting season Combermere Abbey, Cheshire, the seat of Viscount Combermere. She will bring down a large retinue of servants and between thirty and forty horses. Combermere Abey is about the most central position for the Cheshire, Sir Watkin, North Staffordshire and North Shropshire hounds.——Jay Gould having made about fifteen millions in the recent Telegraphic consolidation, is anxious now to be the President of the Western Union.

SEN. MORGAN, of Alabama, has been big with a political speech in defense of the Solid South, ever since the election, and yesterday, getting the floor to say something with reference to the law for the suppression of tramps in the District of Columbia, he delivered his speech instead, to the amazement of his colleagues, who could only see such connection between Democracy in the South and tramps in Washington as the Senator from Alabama would be reluctant to admit.

SENATOR HAMLIN, of Maine, is the oldest, and Senator BRUCE, of Mississippi, is the youngest, of the members of the Senate. Senator ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, who is now, in his fourth term has served more years continuously than any other man in the present Senate.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

We shall offer from time to time, in this column a list of books taken promiscuously from our retail store of books on hand, which we offer with or without the BLADE, at prices lower than books were ever offered before by any dealer in this country. These books are all new and standard, selected especially for the wants of the readers of the BLADE, and we make the prices so low that the poorest family in the land need not be without a good supply of reading for the coming Winter evenings. Any neighborhood would find it to their advantage to make up a club of $5 or $10, which will purchase a supply that will be profitable to their whole community. This list will be changed every week, and it will be well for book readers to preserve their files for reference. Orders for the holidays should be sent at once, while our stock is complete. Call the attention of your neighbors to this list. We send every book ordered, by mail, post-paid. Notice the EXTRAORDINARY low prices.

FICTION.

JACK, a novel from the French of Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood; 354 pages. "Jack" is somewhat in Bret Harte's best vein, though with less humor and more moral force than he has displayed. The moral lesson is clearly outlined and strongly enforced. Regular price, 1.50; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, 2.00.

THE NABOB, by Alphonse Daudet, translated by Lucy H. Hooper; 151 pages. Says a Boston critic "The author is gifted with rare and remarkable qualifications—imagination, intelligence, the power of creating character, and above all with a purity, sweetness and sincerity of nature that lend to his writings a charm like the perfume of a flower. Regular price,

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Better Built Houses the Need of the Time—How Servants and Houses are Related—Too Many Rooms—Planning Comfortable Houses.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.

The American house has a great influence on the health and comfort of the American woman, and the fortunes of the American family. It requires no deep observation to decide that the building of our houses might be much simplified and improved, to the end of securing more comfort, more economy of expenses and of strength in doing the work, and at the same time more picturesqueness and pleasure.

OUR HOUSES TOO LARGE.

The houses for the average family, not the rooms, but the number of them, is too large for its purpose. Families are as a rule small, and as a rule, the mistress must be her own chief dependence for the care and keeping of the house. To save her strength and time for other uses than housework, the house should be as small, and snug as will answer its purposes.

In illustration of my meaning, take the houses of this suburban neighborhood where this is written, and such houses are found by the hundred near Boston and New York, or in Ohio, Wisconsin or Kansas towns. The house is designed for a family having from $1,500 to $5,000 income, or its equivalent in the West, where living is cheaper. Families of intelligence, who read books and magazines, and go into society occasionally; people who are not above economy or without the means of indulging their tastes a little. The house in question has a basement with furnace and storage for coal-closet, that first story is 11 feet high, with four rooms, about 14x17, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, besides entries and closets. The second floor is nine feet high, with four corresponding rooms, and an attic above.

Now there is nothing so sure in our family arrangements as that female help is growing scarcer and poorer yearly, and its wages higher. Servants' hire is the least part of the expense, and with board and waste for the average servant they may be reckoned as an extravagance which, with the high price of living, few families can afford to pay. They do pay it, to save the strength of some weakly mother, just as heavy doctor's bills are paid, but like these, servants' hire drains most of the comfort which the head of the house works hard to gain. Women of tolerable strength prefer to save themselves, for the pleasure of more judicious service. Others to keep the best of the income which is the life-blood of the family comfort, from being

LITERALLY THROWN AWAY,

by careless, slovenly, down the drains and into the firebox of the stove, where it goes with reckless management. Every step, therefore, in every direction, for additional care which can be saved this much-endangering woman is gain exceedingly. Such a house as described is entirely too large for the family of five or less, which is the standard of the census. The parlor, used one afternoon a week for calls, and once a fortnight for an evening, is a drain on the housekeeper's strength of at least two weeks' extra work in a year, in sweeping, saving, refishing and putting up curtains and the like. Its original furnishing was from $100 to 1,000 cutlery, of nearly idle money. What is the need of three living rooms for such a family? Naturally the mother must make the dining room or kitchen, with her work and the others follow where she is. In the American houses, of no matter whether or style, from the Fifth avenue mansion to the village home, most of the living is done in these rooms, either in the sitting room with company, the lady's chamber for dressing, and the dining-room for feasts of the rich, or for sitting work in ordinary families. If people want privacy, they go to their own rooms. Rich people always seem lost and lonesome in their large houses, and coffless to such feeling, unless their houses are warmed and alive with people. But

ITS SORT OF HOTEL KEEPING

hardly suits the life for a fastidious, sensitive nature. In our common family, three rooms on the lower floor will be ample for all needful work, sofas and refinement. Bear in mind, they are not desirable of smaller, but rather larger. The dining room shall be the living room of the house, instead of the plainest, dullest apartment it should be large enough, and tasteful enough for a pleasant sitting-room. That is there in meals, served with simplicity and refinement, which should require a separate room, as if we were still Saxon times, when the common habitation was a hall, and reeds on the floor and wiping greasy hands, which served as forks, on board and cushion, required a female apartment to preserve the others' devotion? The first thing children will be taught is treat nicely, to not [illegible] easily learn to feel that crumbs, spots and pots are a disgrace. The kitchen, the model room of convenience and [illegible] quires to be [illegible] it may [illegible] sentely [illegible] ing [illegible] do [illegible] all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for the department will please observe the following rules.

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Extravagant Expectations.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times, so far as women are concerned, is the reaching out for something to do—something that shall fill up the measure of life with work that accomplished will benefit not only the individuals themselves, but society as well. For it is a fact that every independent, self supporting person is a productive force in the prosperity of a community, whether that person be a man or woman. Fewer of the latter are now content to sit down with folded palms, live only a life of pleasure, or drudge for the bread they eat and clothes they wear at some other's expense. They are reaching out for some definite thing which shall employ both brain and hands to a purpose, that by making busy the working hours, the restless discontent that too surely comes when the keen zest with which youth enjoys its pleasures has departed and the hard realities of practical living are here, may be banished.

Like every other great change, however, in public opinion or currents of feeling, dangers are involved to the very people who should be most benefited. And this danger lies simply in the desire to do too much, to accomplish a great work that shall bring at once both fame and money. In this waking up to possibilities, too many women are seized with the idea that they have a *mission*, or else are gifted with exceptional talent amounting to genius. This may seem a harsh assertion, but it is true nevertheless. Turning from the work which lies always at hand, one in every ten imagines herself in the possession of a dramatic power an operatic voice, or a literary genius which has only to be permitted an expression to make her a RACHAEL, a NILLSON, or a GEORGE ELIOT. This would not be so bad if it impelled to the hard work, the intense study, the thorough preparation which is necessary always to success. Unfortunately, except in rare cases, it does not. Instead of being content to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and working noiselessly upward, the majority expect at one bound to reach a position and reap a harvest that others have been years in winning.

An accomplishment that may delight a Village circle of friends and acquaintances will not move the the world of strangers who have no interest in the individual. When a woman comes before the public to bid for its suffrages she must stand upon her intrinsic merits as any man does. If she aspires to be an artist she must possess the artistic taste, culture, and genius necessary to win admiration. If she wants to be a writer, she must be able to produce what will create a desire for more. But the trouble is, a failure to win at once unbounded success, usually results in a discontented woman who sinks back and gives up all effort to do anything because she is not at once recognized as a genius, while the homelier duties that might have given her pleasure are utterly repugnant.

The extravagant ideas of many womanly aspirants may be understood by the following, which is literally true: A pretty woman applied to a dramatic manager for his judgment of her fitness for a star actress. He found that she had a little talent, but her principal reliance for success was upon her fine physique. The plain truth was told her as to the impossibility of success without great study on her part, and then she could only become a mediocre player. She said: "I have no great ideas of money making at first. I am not one of those women who expect to reach success at a bound. I will be content to begin low down at a small salary." Somewhat won by this modest disclaimer, he asked her *what* she would be satisfied with, having in his mind a part in which she could make a little beginning.

"Oh" was the reply, "say from $75 to $100 a week."

We were inclined to believe that this was an exceptional case of extravagant demands but received the assurance that it was not.

The same thing is true to a certain extent so far as literary work is concerned. The merest tyro in writing demands often compensation for what is of no use except to fill the waste paper basket.

We have not said this to discourage one woman in anything she has undertaken with a will. A woman ourself, working toward a possible future, our sympathies are too strong for each and every one of our sex to permit the placing of a straw in the way of her advancement. But we have a purpose—an earnest one—in thus speaking which shall be explained next week.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Emphatically Said.

I have been an interested reader of the question of Woman's Rights discussed in THE HOUSEHOLD, and I thought I would ask the question, Why do women want more rights than they have? Let me try to name some, I cannot all. They have the right to engage in housekeeping for themselves, if they are married, and for others if they are not, and that includes washing, ironing, making, mending, knitting, darning, scrubbing, baking, the getting of meals and the washing of dishes, bed making, sweeping, dusting, the care and training of children, and making their home and family attractive to their better half, who does the voting. If they engage in teaching they usually have the right to build fire, keep their school room clean, and instruct 30 or 40 pupils, and the right to receive about half the salary accorded to the gentleman teacher, who does the voting. If there is one particular item where women are cheated out of their just rights more than another, it is in the matter of pay for work done. Every one knows that a female teacher gets less wages than a male, not because they are less capable, but on account of their sex. They sometimes do more acceptable work. As an instance, before I undertook my present position as wife and housekeeper, I was a teacher. One of the schools I engaged to teach had just been vacated by a man who was in the habit of drinking to intoxication, and consequently was not able to attend to his duties properly nearly half the time. Yet I was paid only half the wages that he had been. I spoke of the injustice to the Superintendent, but he plainly said "a woman was not as good a teacher as a man." Such prejudice, right in the face of evidence to the contrary!

What I want to see is equality of wages, freedom of choice in any occupation, and if the law controls these, and the voters the law, I say with emphasis, I am for voting.

Woman, well educated, is the equal of any man, also educated; uneducated she is the peer of the uneducated man. I hope this matter will be pushed on until we will be called upon not only to vote, but to vote for a woman as President of these United States, and no one will say she will not do her duty well if they will once look at the life and reign of the Lady Queen Victoria. Having been born and resided in the Dominion of Canada for 22 years, I am pardonably fond of the rule of woman. But until that time comes, let's hurrah for Garfield and the Republican party, through our husbands and brothers, if no other way.

Arapahoe, Neb. N. P. T.

The difference made in the salaries of men and women when doing the same work is a crying injustice, and in the case above mentioned peculiarly exasperating. But our friend must be patient. The practice arises from long years of thought in the one channel that woman is intellectually the inferior of man, and therefore cannot do as good work. Partly from this, and partly from the idea that man is the provider and holds the purse, which must be filled whether woman's is or not. Then too it must be acknowledged that there has been in the past some grounds for a difference in the pay from the fact that women were not trained to methodical work or business and consequently their labor was not worth so much.

But this idea of sex in wages is fast passing away, and will finally disappear, when women generally take the same care to prepare for a life work as do men. The change of public opinion in regard to teachers is notably evident in the California law by which men and women occupying equal positions and doing equal work receive the same pay. There is certainly now no reason why there should be a difference in this profession, for it is generally acknowledged by unprejudiced, enlightened men that women in it are fully their equals, if not their superiors.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Kansas as it Is.

In the BLADE of December 30, is an article in THE HOUSEHOLD with the above caption. Permit me an old "Tannerized," fossilized, blighted, dried up Kansan, who scarcely weighs 175 pounds avoirdupois, and whose cranium is as destitute of its natural covering as the sunny side of a pumpkin, said deficiency being the result of parched winds, frequent contacts with the sod roof of our dugout, and other climatic causes, I say permit such a one to add a few facts in reference to this God forsaken and benighted country, and since I have "Tannerized" here for over 14 years, my testimony should have as much weight as one that never saw the State. I will give a few facts from the assessor's books in reference to the wretched condition of the people of our County.

In our County of Dickinson there were sown last year 101,000 acres of Winter wheat and 13,000 acres of Spring wheat. My own and neighbors land yielded from 16½ to 26 bushels per acre. That would perhaps be too high for a general average of the whole County; we will say 12 bushels per acre, which would be 1,368,000 bushels in the County; 814 cars of 450 bushels per car was shipped from our Village in less than three months, besides 22 cars of hogs, and there are five other shipping points in our County.

Of corn there were planted 76,000 acres but it was not a good corn year; however, I gathered 50 bushels per acre. We had at our fair a few diminutive specimens of potatos, 25 or 30 varieties the specimens weighing from 1 lb. to 2½ lbs. each; cabbage, from 12 to 20; beets as big around as a stove pipe though not as long; watermelons 30 lbs. each; sweet-potatoes the size of a small Hubbard squash, and other things in like proportions. I have a lady friend who canned for their family of small fruits and peaches 169 quarts. She is "Tannerized" to the tune of 195 pounds. That is her normal condition.

Oh yes, and the mythical grasses! Within a mile of my dug-out there are hundreds of acres as high as a cow's back, and many beautiful deer conceal themselves in it.

Our County is 36 by 24 miles square. I organized the first School Districts about 13 years since; now there 120 nice white school houses, and a school in everyone of them, besides our Congressional District gave the largest majority of any one in the Nation.

The usual disease here is consumption, but instead of administering Cod Liver Oil and such remedies we give plenty of bread, meat, vegetables, fruits, etc. All of these can be purchased in our meat market here at the following prices: Four, best XXX, $6; potatos per bu., 40 to 50 cents; cabbage 3 to 8 cts per head; apples per bll, $2.25 or 75 cts per bu from wagons.

Among our people we frequently find in their dugouts, organs and some pianos, and upon the whole, the normal condition of our people is such that they rather enjoy it. Should any one desire further information, on the subject, address. OLD GO FOR HER GOPHER.

Solomon City, Dickinson Co., Kan.

Stop Them.

To my HOUSEHOLD friends that I have cried "enough." I have received all the letters we have house room for, and still they come. I hope those who responded to my invitation and receive no reply, will excuse me, for it is impossible for me to reply to all, however well I should like to. Even if I desired so many correspondents, I couldn't stand the pressure, either physically or financially; neither have I time for it. I am an indolent "school ma'am." I always have something to do.

I hope all my fellow teachers are enjoying their schools, this Winter, as well as I am. The majority of my pupils attend regularly and appear interested. The days seem too short, for we are never through and ready to quit when quitting time comes. Beside my pupils taking an interest, I feel that I have the support of the parents and that my labors are appreciated. You will know how much good that does a weary vexed teacher. If parents only knew how much they could assist the teacher, they certainly would pay more attention, but it is a sad fact that the majority of parents manifest but little if any interest in school or school affairs, unless "Sally," "Johnnie," "Tommy" or some of the rest of them, goes home with a terrible tale of their teacher's injustice or cruelty, then the poor teacher has to catch it. While I admit there are teachers who do not do their duty either in teaching or governing, I cannot but feel that parents are somewhat at fault too. If they would interest themselves enough to secure competent, trustworthy teachers, supply their children with such books as they need, send them to school every day it is possible for them to go, and above all teach them to be obedient and respectful, they would see different results.

Parents encourage your children at home; let them feel that you are interested in their advancement and manifest that interest by visiting the schools, then you will know for yourself whether the teachers you have employed are worthy your respect and patronage. So far as I am concerned I am ready to welcome parents to my school room any day or any hour in the day that they may see fit to come, and only wish I was bothered with them more than I am. My pupils have been very much interested in learning to distinguish the different productions. We began with the vegetable kingdom, then take the mineral, and then the animal. I allow them to bring specimens of their own selection, and then we examine them. We spend about 15 minutes each morning in discussing something that we can all talk about, and how they enjoy it. I have no trouble in getting them there in the morning or at noon, for I tell them what we are going to talk about next time and that is sufficient. Try it if you have not and report success.

EDNA ST. CLAIR.

St. Louisville, O.

How to Teach Children.

Permit a teacher of 13 years experience to offer his mite in the educational department of your paper. I am well aware that our occupation does not receive the honor from the world that it truly merits. Nevertheless I think many of us do not labor as faithfully to make it an honor as we should, and I believe there are as many failures in life among teachers as may be found in the other positions requiring mental labor. We want honest, conscientious, faithful, competent and *free* teachers. How often do we see graduates and individuals with high educational endowments, fail as teachers in country schools. They lack energy, or resolution, or firmness, or promptness, or due appreciation of responsibility, or some other of the many qualifications necessary for a good teacher. By far too many, I fear, fail from indolence and carelessness; for it is a fact that hundreds only work to get the money, and as they are not immediately under the eye of their employers, they often shirk duty and "want the corn shelled" for them.

As teachers we should be industrious, and as far as possible an embodiment of the many virtues we wish to impress on the minds of our pupils, for children learn by example quite as much as they are given credit for. Let us then enter the school room with a pleasant countenance and work ourselves while we exhort others to do so, and whatever we do, let order and promptness and dispatch characterize our acts and we will infuse those principles into the minds of our pupils, and make them workers for the right.

I always endeavor to have my pupils spell promptly, and not drawl, and work as readily as possible, while solving problems, and I try to show them this by example. If you allow pupils to drawl and recite in a slothful, lazy manner, you must be more skillful than I if you can hold them attentive to the recitation. As for rules, I have but one, and that is, "Attend to your business and let others alone." I require all to obey this rule in the schoolroom, and grade their report from their deportment at the close of each day's school. I keep a record of recitations, and thus each will be more careful of his standing in his classes.

I am writing too much, I fear. Let us imitate our worthy President, James A. Garfield, and teach, as he did, with honor, and remember, though our calling be not honored, yet many of our brightest intellects presided over a schoolroom. S. B. M.

Upper Squaw Creek, Iowa.

Lay the Ax to the Root of the Tree.

"Therefore, every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire."

"Virginia"—whom I take to be a woman—in answer to "Lover of Light" in BLADE of November 25th, pleads for the use of screens by saloonists, to hide their "nefarious traffic from the eyes of the world." She likewise says that "men who are so depraved as to send their brothers' souls to perdition, will not listen to moral suasion," therefore, she upholds—for the sake of $25, and to enable the people to regulate the number of saloons, and to prohibit its sale to minors, and a part of the Sabbath day—the giving them a show of respectability by granting them a license to ply their trade unmolested, of "sending souls to perdition," all the other days of the week. One other beauty of licensing that she mentions is, "that whereas we had 12, we now have but two, and these two were both prosecuted in one week, one for sell ingon Sunday, the other for selling to, and getting three boys drunk." I wish to ask "Virginia" if those two saloons are restrained; does license do it, or the fear of the penalty of the law? What has shut up the other 10 but the same fear of legal suasion? Then if moral suasion nor nothing else has any effect, but applying the law, then the remedy for all your woes, growing out of the traffic seems to be clearly indicated; and your people must "lay the ax at the root of the tree," shut up the remaining two saloons, not on Sundays, but every other day of the week, and then there will be no further use for screens to skulk behind to hide their deviltry. If you do so, for fear that some of your people may grumble for the want of some place to obtain liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes, I will say that we do not molest any one who sells on prescription of a physician, or to persons who will not use it for a beverage, though without license they have no right to sell it at all.

S. T.

Monticello, Wis., Dec. 4th, 1880.

Instructions for Bed Spread.

To the lady who asked for instructions how to knit a bed spread I send mine, which makes a beauty. It is knitted in squares taking four to form a block. Cast three stitches on a knitting needle and knit them off.

First row—Knit one, make one by throwing the thread over the needle as in knitting. Knit one, make one, knit one.

Second row—Knit one, make one, turn the thread and knit the next three wrong side out. Knit the remaining stitches right. Begin like knitting back on a heel. Knit one, make one; now knit right one stitch; make one, knit one, make one, knit two wrong.

Fourth row right. Knit one, make one, knit one, knit five wrong, the remaining right.

Fifth—Knit wrong one, make one, knit one, knit right two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, knit remaining three right.

Sixth row—Knit one, make one, knit two, wrong seven, knit right three.

Seventh row—Begin wrong, knit one, make one, knit two, right three, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, wrong four.

I think now you can see how to proceed. When you have nine holes on each side of the center of the leaf, make no more stitches in the leaf, but narrow it as follows: When you knit across the leaf right side to you, knit the last two stitches on the leaf together. When you cross the leaf and wrong side to you slip and bind the last two on the leaf, but proceed with the stitches on each side of the leaf as before, the leaf growing narrow and the sides wider. When the leaf is all narrowed off, knit across four times, then wrong four, every time knitting the first two stitches together until all is narrowed off. If you cannot follow this, send me your address and five cents to pay postage, and I will knit you a pattern. MRS. JOHN SHICK.

Austin, Mich.

P. S.—The "Doctor's Wife" should give the number of meshes as well as the width of the netting she wishes to dara.

A Voice From Michigan.

Having been a reader of the BLADE for some time, I have noticed a good many letters in its HOUSEHOLD columns from nearly every State in the Union, and have been hoping to hear from some one through THE HOUSEHOLD from Osego County, but have failed so far.

Now, I would like to say to those that want a good home, and have but $200 or $300 to get it with, and are willing to work—others need not apply—right here is where you can get it.

Osego County is situated in the northern part of the lower Peninsula, the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad running through the one side, and the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw Railroad through the other side, making it one of the finest marketing points in the State. We have the Villages, churches, school houses, mills, etc., with many of the finest farms, where, six years ago, (strange as it may seem,) it was but a howling wilderness, hardly known by a white man. Strangers passing through here in the Summer are surprised to see the fine forests, which are mostly sugar-maple, with elm, linn, ash, beech and hemlock, mixed in. The best of all is the pure air. It is said to be the healthiest County in the State, on account of its high elevation. Otsego Lake sees hundreds every Summer from all parts of the Union seeking there to find health and comfort.

Unimproved land is worth from $2.50 to $12 per acre, one-fourth down, balance on long time, with interest at seven per cent.

Crops as far as I can learn have always been good and sure. There are many extensive lumbermen and mill-owners within a short distance from here, where one may get work any time at from $20 to $26 per month.

MOSS BACK.

Elmira P. O., Otsego Co., Mich.

A Definition That Means Nothing.

"What is evil?" says J. S. Sargent in THE HOUSE," and adds that "it is not a thing in itself, but only the absence of good." What a great and comforting thing it is to a man writhing with a tooth ache or being gnawed to death by a devouring cancer. Let Mr. S. be overtaken by a maddened lion or a furious cyclone and I presume he would learn that either one of these was "a thing in itself," and a big thing at that. Evil is anything that produces unhappiness. To call it merely the absence of good is not correct. There would be some philosophy in saying that any harmful wrong was not an evil because it might, or would, ultimately produce good, but, if so, even this statement would be incorrect, for, in itself it is an evil. Some evils certainly do not even indirectly result in good to the individual affected by them and should they affect us for good it were better that we did not need them.

Suppose man is responsible for the disorder in himself, it is no less an evil, nor is it merely the absence of good; it is the actual direful presence of the opposite, and a "thing in itself" no matter how produced or what its result. To call a thing by a new name does not change its effect upon our senses, moral or esthetic. If there is no evil there is no sin, and no philosophizing or use of words will change the reality or memory of evil as we all understand it. J. P. PRESTON.

Bedford, Ia.

Marion Defended.

"Bessie" you are wrong when you say a woman never marries for a home. If she does not she lives all her life without one. Home consists of more than bed and board, and I have no doubt that "Marion" expects more, and I have not the least idea of being contradicted when I say that home is a place where there are many attractions, but the greatest and best is a companion.

Adam had Paradise with all the fruits of the garden and no home till the woman was given him. A man or woman may have the President's mansion to live in and if they have no companion they have no home. Now whatever privilege you accord to the man to procure this home do in the kindness of your soul accord the same to the woman. The constitution under which we live guarantees it to them, and nothing but an overtaxed modesty forbids it. Then "Marion" come to the front for your position is right and will be sustained. You have a perfect right to obtain a home in any honorable way you may see proper, and you will stand as good a chance to get a good one as the girls that lift up their hands in holy horror, if a woman takes one step in advance of what has been a custom in the darkened eyes of the world. When we give women what belongs to them we shall give them equal rights in everything, the ballot box not excepted.

J. MCM.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Michigan Boy" writes as follows:

"Stella Stuart," I agree with you in regard to marrying. I believe that every good, intelligent girl will have a chance to choose wisely in getting a husband who will add to their happiness if they are not in too big a hurry to marry young. I admire "Michigan Girl." Her letter comes down to common sense. I would like to shake hands with her today.

We have a Lyceum here. Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please suggest some questions for debate? If they desire by giving their address I will send them the result of the discussion. We have a large temperance society here, of which the writer is President."

C. B. Churchill, New York, tells how she spent Christmas:

"I would like to tell THE HOUSEHOLD how I spent the merriest Christmas I have ever had by far. Well, you must know we have a dear old couple in our midst, whom we respect very highly, and Christmas being their fiftieth anniversary or golden wedding, a number of the nearest friends planned a surprise party, and I believe we did surprise them very much. It was quite a large company—all the children, grandchildren, and one little great granduchild. He was made much of, being the only one. We had a very happy time, and before the company dispersed each of the dear ones were presented with a small token of our esteem and good will, of which they were justly deserving. I confess there is a beauty about early marriages I had not noticed before."

"A Brown," Mt. Morris, Mich., evidently was not in good humor when he penned the following questions:

"Why is it that some women can iron any garment that *they* wear so that every turn and ruffle or frill will be in perfect order, but cannot iron a plain shirt front so that it is fit to be seen?

"Why is it that some women will work the life out of themselves to gratify a desire for show, then when health is gone marry a poor man and harrass the life out of him because he is poor?

Carrie W., Springport, Mich., writes of herself and her father:

"I am only a country girl. I have been a cripple all my life. I like to read the BLADE to my parents in the evening when our work is all finished. I have read a great many good books in my life. I will tell you a story: My father was born in 1815, in Kent, England, near the water coast. His stepfather was not good to him, and he left him and went to sea when a little boy. In 1829 he entered King William III.'s service, and went on board the "Old Crescent," a 74 man-of-war bound for Bombay. He was first-class boy. He unshipped in 1836. He has crossed the Bay of Biscay four times, once in a gale and a half of wind. His life is full of events and interest."

"One of the Male Sex" after referring to several passages of the Bible to prove that God would not approve of women's voting proceeds thus:

"Now I will just say that I don't understand this a question of intellect. If it were, I would have to admit that she was man's equal, but it is a matter of position and the Creator has given us our positions, and a violation of His law is sin and sin is degrading, so I will wait until I hear an explanation of the authority of the Creator, for I consider this the proper place to look for instruction on this subject. Let us be honest enough to acknowledge His decision and believe it to be right.

My opinion is that if the mothers would give their children proper attention and teach them how they should treat the women, that we would soon see a change in the morals of this country for the better. Mothers as well as fathers, must learn that if they want to have any influence over their children they must live consistent lives themselves and have some regard for truth. My observation has been that the majority of those who are speaking for woman's rights are skeptical in their views. Let us stick to the word of God for He doeth all things well.

The range of our friend's observation must have been limited indeed if all who believe in woman's rights that he knows are skeptical in matters of religion. Some of the most earnest and sincere Christians in the country are among those who support woman suffrage. It is not, however, a question of religious belief any more than any other political movement. As well might you appeal to the Scriptures to know whether resumption was right and just. The African race in the South were not made free because the Bible said this or that about slavery, but because eternal truth and justice declared that it was morally wrong for one human being to hold another in physical and mental bondage. There are arguments urged, apparently well founded, against Woman's Suffrage, but they do not lie in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Inquiries.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD readers tell me what will cure chapped hands? I have tried tallow and starch but it does not help them much.

Will some one tell me what will cure pimples on a person's face.—ALLIE.

I have an old worsted dress, the cloth is good, but faded. Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD be so kind as to send a recipe for coloring wine color?

I have good recipes for black and brown, but don't want it either of those colors.—ECONOMY.

Can and will any of the readers of this paper tell me where I can obtain different kinds of sea shells, and how to clean them? I am willing to pay a good price for them.—E. EVANS.

Can you inform me where the poem commencing in this wise, "Baby bye, here's a fly, let us watch it, you and I," etc., is to be had? It is a favorite song for babyhood, and I wish it very much; perhaps some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD can tell me of it.—SILVER PEN.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for cooking codfish? Also for making codfish balls?—FRANCES V. CLARK.

I wish to know if any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD can tell me something that will eradicate dandruff and stop the hair from falling?—F. FIELD, Big Suamice, Wis.

Answers to Inquiries.

I noticed in a recent number of the BLADE a lady inquiring for a remedy for cancer. I know of a gentleman in Ohio who has cured a great many cancers, and he never failed except in one case. He is not a professional doctor, but only a modest farmer. I never knew him to send any medicine away but he always treats his patients in person. He is no faith or spritual doctor but has a medicine of his own preparation that he applies, which kills the cancer without the aid of a knife or anything else. If the lady is stil a sufferer I hope she may be benefited by this information. His address is Thomas Shelton, Sugar Tree Ridge, Highland Co., Ohio.—RUSTIC MAMMA.

The lady who wished to know of something to give her husband's head should try a "tat cap." Make a cap of some kind of pliable goods (I took good calico) to fit the head closely, shave off the hair, closly, apply pure tar all over the head, and draw on the cap. Allow it to remain a until it comes off itself, which will be it two or three weeks. My brother was nearly bald; his head was covered with white scales and scabs. When the cap came off all had disappeared, leaving his scalp soft and healthy as any infant's. His hair now is very thick and soft, though curly.—ALICE M. SEABROOK, Emmittsburg, Ind.

The Burdette-Smith Company have discontinued their publications, owing to financial embarrassment. If you write to them they will give you the worth of your subscription in their patterns, which are too reliable not to be desired. They hope to be able to resume again ere long.—ALICE M. SEABROOK, Emmittsburg, Md.

Tell 'Dakota Dell" if she will use sage tea on her hair I think it will keep it from filling out. I have tried it and know it to be good. Also the juice of boiled oats is very good.—ALLIE D., Panora Co., Iowa.

Recipes.

TO MAKE THE MOST OF A BEEF SHANK.

Boil till the meat will slip off the bones; take out and set away to get cold; then cut of all the soft gristle that will chop easily and chop it fine; chop the most gristl part of the meat also, saving out about one-third that is free from gristle to be chopped by itself. Now take all the grase off the liquor and set it on to heat take out a teacupful and set one side then put all the gristly meat into the liquor and simmer a few minutes, having it about as wet as mince-pie meat; pour a dish, and when cold cut in slices and eat cold. It may be spiced, if desid. Now put in the cup of liquor and the remainder of the meat; add a little salt and water to make it a little wetter than the other, and stir in corn meal with hot till quite stiff, so the spoon will stand alone; pack in a dish, and when cold cut in slices and fry brown. Try it; and then some one please invent a name for his last.—A. W. L.

TO CURE OPIUM EATING.

I reply to "A Subscriber," I will send the following recipe, which I hope will cure her of opium eating, as it has cured me. Take 4 ozs. red cinchona, 1 dr sulphuric acid, 3 pts. water; simmer for half an hour in a porcelain kdle; filter through flannel; simmer down to 1 pt.; take a tablespoonful every hours. Get 24 sugar-coated, asafœtida pills, (one a dose); alternate with the other every four hours. Drink only of very strong coffee. Follow these directions minutely and you will succeed.—MRS. J. M. BAILEY, Seafield, White Co., Ind.

P. S.—If the lady will send me her address, I will write her more definitely.

RAISIN CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.

In winter days as our hens often refuse to supply us with eggs, we are forced to use recipes without them. We have found the following a toothsome cake: Stir together a coffee cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter. Add to it 1 pt. of sweet milk and 1 pt. of warm water. To this mixture stir in flour enough to make a thick batter and ½ cupful of home made yeast, let it to rise over night. Next morning stir in a cupful of chopped raisins or currants and a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Put into two baking pans and let it raise until perfectly light, then bake three quarters of an hour.—H. C. MARLING, Iowa.

GRAHAM BREAD.

"Lillian" will find this a successful recipe for graham bread; have used it for years: Take a hop yeast bread sponge after it has risen the first time a quart at least for every loaf you are intending to make. If very thick, thin with sweet milk if not, only add brown sugar enough to taste right, then stir as thick as you can with unsifted graham flour, the more bran and the coarser the better; pour your buttered tins half full, let them rise even full in a warm place and bake in a steady oven an hour. Tins 8 inches deep by 4 inches wide are the best shape for the loaves. Potatos in your sponge will be apt to make the graham bread too moist, even sticky; clear warm water or sweet milk is better.—ELLA.

TO PICKLE CABBAGE.

I see a good many enquiring how to pickle cabbage, so I will tell my way. Select solid heads, quarter them, if not too large; pack them in a crock as close as they can be packed, then take good vinegar enough to cover, put in allspice and pepper, and a little salt, heat it boiling hot and pour onto the cabbage and put on a weight to keep it down. It may be necessary to heat the vinegar again in two or three days. I also add a little horseradish.

In my other letter I see you printed "swivel" where I wrote *snibel*. I think I am right as "swivel" is something that turns on a pivot and snibels are hinges, made of wire and driven into the edge of the lid on chest. I think any carpenter can tell the difference between the two.—GRANDMOTHER.

Good Boy Charley.

Philadelphia Record.

The premium good boy in this country is little Charley Foster of Ohio. He lets the other boys suck the orange while he keeps the seed.

Our Young Folks.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Brownie, old fellow, the grain in the manger
Is yours, and you've earned it. No wonder you stare,
Amazed and displeased, when a part little ranger
Comes hopping in boldly your dinner to share.

You beautiful creature! so rugged and steady,
So swift and sure-footed, so willing and wise;
Whoever may need you, so gentle and ready,
I know what you're thinking; it beams from your eyes.

He ruffles his feathers, this petty intruder,
And arches his crest, and is gallant and gay.
No conquest could possibly seem to you ruder
Than his, as he leisurely stands in your way.

But you? Why, you'd scorn to be put in passion;
The cause is too slight. You will patiently wait
Till the satisfied rooster, in vain rooster fashion,
Flies off, without thanks, to some meek little mate.

The thorough-bred follows the law of his being,
'Tis only with equals he cares to contend:
He bears with annoyance quite patiently, seeing
That sooner or later annoyance must end.
—*Harper's Young People.*

Dru's Red Sea.

By Mrs. Mary A. Parsons.

"Lizibuth!" rang out from the low brown house. Dru was not mean enough to run and hide, though she knew that, as her sister was not there, her own name would be the next one called, surely enough.

"Drusilla!" came, directly, in a lower and assured tone, that showed the mother had seen her younger daughter, where she stood sulkily expectant, kicking with her bare feet the chips that strewed the ground by the chopping-block; for no child in the neighborhood of Dru's house, thirty years ago, thought of wearing shoes in the Summer-time, excepting to go to "meeting" or "down to town."

Really, Dru was cross at being called in from play to take care of the baby, as she supposed. The fact was, she had thought the baby very charming while it was a new thing, when one could fancy it floating in through the window, while everybody was asleep, clad in delicate white robes that looked in the moonlight like fleecy clouds. But when it not only strayed and made itself perfectly at home,—nay, expected the whole house to wait on it; moreover, then, if it did n't get instantly whatever it wanted, it screamed so that "you could n't hear yourself think,"—why then, though Dru would n't have gone to the length of calling it "a little plague," or "a bother," lest it should go floating out again never to return, she did go so far as to say, one very trying day, that "if babies were angels, she did n't see why they did n't act a little more like 'em."

"Be a little lady now," said the pale, careworn mother, gently, "I want to talk with you, for I'm in trouble."

Ah! Dru was so sorry she had looked cross, since, after all, it was n't drudgery she had been called in for, but to be consulted as if she had been grown up! Instead of saying what she felt, though, she acted it, Slipping past her mother she ran to the cradle where the crying baby lay, and, catching him up, walked around with him, saying, in explanation:

"So I can hear you better, mother!"

Mrs. Ide took down a letter from the top of the clock-case. Letters were not put in envelopes then as now, but were folded skillfully and sealed with wax or wafers.

"You see father had to send off this letter, with money in it, right away. He's been bothered to death to get it, or they'd 'a' taken the house place from him. He had to go to the meadows to-day, and told me to be sure and give this to the baker to take to the post-office. Either the baker's not been along, or else he came while I was down to the spring rinsin' the clothes, and went 'thout my hearing him. You see, Lizibuth's gone off blueberryin', has n't she?"

"Yes," answered Dru in a muffled voice, for the baby's face lay against hers and he was now fast asleep.

"Here, I'll take the baby," said Mrs. Ide, for she wanted Dru's whole attention to what she was about to say.

"Do you s'pose you could go down to town and carry this letter safely?"

"Oh, mother! I'd try," answered Dru, with that look of hers which made her mother say, sometimes, "She's a faithful creatur', if she sets out to be, and that's a fact!"

While her mother was laying the sleeping baby in his cradle again, Dru wondered, but dare not asked, whether she was to "dress up," lest her mother should think her too silly to be trusted; but she came near dancing—indeed there was one little hop—when her mother brought out her meetin' clothes—stout shoes, tucked pantalets, white shirt with knitted oak leaf edging round the bottom, checked muslin dress, and, yes! it really was——

"My best bonnet!" came out in a voice meant to be calm, but with a little ripple of laughter in it, which two year old Ethan caught up and echoed so lustily that he had to be set out among his mud pies again, for fear of waking baby. Of course, he toddled back again at once to see what was going on.

The bonnet was a pink satin, trimmed with ribbon and with a bunch of feathery-leaved flowers high up on one side. Aunt Sarah had given it to her a year ago, and Dru regarded it still as the "very handsomest bonnet anywhere round these parts."

Mrs. Ide did not think stockings were needful, as the pantalets came to the top of the shoes and the leather was warm.

Dru, holding the letter tightly clasped in her right hand, walked up to a few houses in the neighborhood with very short steps and extreme complacency. Then came a long stretch of woods and bare hot hills, with only Deacon Jones' house for more than a mile.

For the first time, Dru realized the distance, and that the shoes cramped her active little feet. Arguing that in case she met anybody the satin bonnet would keep her dignity safe, she sat down on a clean stone by the roadside, and still holding the letter tightly, she quickly untied and took off the offending shoes.

Then she played they were alive, though it was hardly play with her, big child as she was, for she said, when "Lizibuth" laughed at her once:

"It seems to me that everythin's got just as much sense's I have, only we can't hear 'em talk among themselves."

So now, holding one shoe in each hand, she beat them together, saying:

"You've pinched my feet like ev'rything 'n' I am goin' to give you a good whippin'!"

Then she made a noise like crying, to add to the effect; but suddenly, she stopped, held one shoe above the other, and said, in a cracky voice like a squeaking shoe:

"You gump, to cry! don't you see the beating shakes the dust off? there's a providence in't, I do believe."

"Hullo, sissy!"

The voice was so near that Dru sprang to her feet in terror, dropping one shoe in her effort to clasp the letter more firmly. This action was not lost on the speaker, whose bloodshot eyes, as he stared sleepily from the bushes, showed the child that she had waked up what we call a "tramp" but what she would have called an "old traveler"; not that this one was old,—the name was given because most stragglers were so.

"What've you got there, sissy? Some money for me?"

"Yes," answered Dru, with dry lips not daring to lie even to him. "But not for you."

She knew this was saucy, and she feared the man would beat or even kill her for it, or to get possession of the money; so, without stopping to pick up the dropped shoe, she started to run.

Hearing the man spring from the bushes and giving chase, poor Dru uttered a wild scream of terror and flew like the wind towards the town.

"I wont hurt ye, sissy! Come back and get your shoe!" called the man, in a wheedling tone; but finding she only fled the faster, he yelled with an oath:

"Stop! or I'll shoot ye!"

Dru never doubted he would keep his word, though she had n't a gun in his hand so she darted in the birches that lined one side of the road, and sprang for the old stone wall that stood back of them.

Climbing this wall too hastily, she not only dropped the other shoe, but also loosened the stones so that a dozen or more fell with a loud crash, and, directly after, the man heard a splash and a cry.

Squeezing through the thick growth of underbrush, he easily found the gap in the wall. Crossing this, he passed cautiously down the steep bank, for his eyes, dazzled with the mid-day sun, did not a once become used to the dim light of the deep woods where he found himself.

Presently, he saw at his feet a dark pool of water, its surface a little ruffled as if a stone might have rolled in, but no signs of the child.

As he stooped to pick up a stick to try the depth of the pool, he heard the sound of a horse galloping along the road in the direction whence Dru had come.

The girl had screamed—she might have been heard! Worse, she might have fallen into the water stunned by one of the larger stones, and as this thought flashed across his mind, he reasoned that his own safety lay in flight; so he quickly plunged into the thick forest and was out of sight in a moment.

Where, all this time, was poor little Dru? She had indeed fallen into the water; but, though she knew directly it was only Stillbrook, and that it was not deep enough to drown her, still, finding herself helplessly sliding in, her first thought was that the precious letter would be wet, and this dread had made her cry out. But she held the letter high over her head, and the splash only sprinkled the outside; as soon as she struck bottom, she had presence of mind enough to dart under the edge of the bridge across which the road lay.

Here she recovered breath sufficiently to "reckon damages." The letter was not hurt,—so far, good. Next, the pink bonnet had received the addition, for a minute, of a ragged veil of water-drops. As for pantalets and white muslin dress, they could be washed, and Dru did n't give them a thought. Had she not felt that life and property were in danger, her very soul would have been torn at the ruin of her bonnet. And how any modern little girl with half a dozen hats to the season would have laughed at her, to be sure!

She did feel a lump rising in her throat, as she saw the feathery leaves hanging limp—"like a hen's tail in the rain," she thought,—but the money; how was that to be taken safely to town? She dared not venture back lest the man had only pretended to run away, nor did she dare climb up into the road, for the same reason. Could she go under the bridge? The water was not deep, not up to her knees; but the bridge was dark and low. She would have to crawl through with the help of only one hand, while in the other she held the letter.

Dru shuddered.

"If there's snakes there overhead, I should be awful scared."

Then she remembered the path made through the Red Sea, and pondered:

"I don't see why my father's house aint of just as much consequence to him and his folks, as the Israelites' things were to them. I'm goin' to pray for this brook to dry up so that I can get through."

No sooner said than done; though, mind you, Dru did n't say anything aloud,—the man might be listening just as she was.

She shut her eyes tight, and clasped both hands over the letter, and prayed:

"Oh Lord! make the dark and dreadful brook as dry as the Israelites found the Red Sea, 'cause my father's house would be sold if I could n't get the money in this letter into the post-office to-day. Amen."

Dru hurried the last part, finding herself beginning to cry; but she opened her eyes a little bit at a time, dreading, while she ho

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

For the Blade.

How to Avoid Being Swindled.

Never sign any contract with a stranger who has not good recommendations. Book agents, nursery agents, etc., require names in, columns headed by the leading men of your vicinity. If a book cannot be indorsed by intelligent leading men it is not worth buying. When a stranger wants to make an agent of you, and presents you with a printed contract, ask to be excused. If you will take the pains to read two-thirds of each line, omitting one-third, (the right hand), you will find that he wants you to sign a note. Such a man ought to be dealt with as you would deal with a man who attempts to pull down the United States flag.

Never sign an order for a lightning-rod. Allow the man to finish the rob—then pay him.

Never buy a note of a stranger against your neighbor without full investigation. Be not over anxious to be an "innocent purchaser." You may exhibit too much innocence.

Be not hasty to hire a traveling doctor who can cure anything from a sore toe up to consumption.

An old farmer worked twenty hours in a day in his younger days to clear up his farm. Now he is still ambitious but unable to work. An itinerant doctor comes along and promises a certain cure for wasted energies and shattered nerves. The old man only needs rest and healthy food, a temperate and quiet life, that he may enjoy all of life that belongs to him. The stranger makes him believe to the extent of $25 or $50, one-half to be paid down, and the balance to be paid when health is restored. The old man's money is gone, and he never sees the doctor again; though he has one satisfaction—he can keep the other half. Is it not singular that this swindle is repeated every few years and the rascals never fail to find new victims?

Never send money to a stranger through the mail expecting a sure cure for anything. Better call on your family physician.

Never send for a recipe advertised by some benevolent person who offers to send it gratis. You will learn that your druggist does not keep the article and you must send to the advertiser. After you have parted with your money, you will find that you have been swindled. Better go to your receipt-book.

When you have an important instrument of writing to be drawn up, be sure that you employ an attorney who understands his business, even though another man offers to do it for nothing. Most of the litigation among farmers comes from awant of form in papers or in a loose way of making bargains.

Farmers should do a cash business, as far as possible. Many a farmer trusts out the profits of forty acres of land to irresponsible persons, in small quantities. Trust only those whom you know to be reliable.

Be careful about paying money to a stranger on a verbal order. "Madam," says the stranger, "your husband told me to call on you for $2, which I loaned him a few days ago." The good wife pays the money, and afterward learns that she is short $2, and the scamp cannot be found.

Never buy patent rights of any kind with the intention of selling territory to make money. It is not a farmer's business. Manufacturers and machinists should buy them. Be not too hasty in buying even farm rights. Sixteen years ago an acquaintance of mine made $20 a day by selling farm rights to make a gate. Not one of those gates has ever been made by either of his dupes. Better have the gate put up and pay for it when finished.

Never allow yourself to be pursuaded to sell your farm and go into mercantile business if you were brought up a farmer, or swap your farm for a store full of goods. Do you think you could go into a wagon shop and make a wagon? Could you make or clean a watch? Could you succeed as a lawyer without preparation? No? Then what makes you think you could be a merchant? Many a farmer hastied this to his sorrow.

Further. It is not safe to quit farming for any business you do not understand. Swapping a farm for a steam-saw-mill is quite common. Not one man in twenty ever succeeds. A friend of mine once disputed this, and boasted that he learned the business readily, and would have done well except that he was swindled out of a few thousand dollars by dealers. Yes, truly but he had to learn that dealing in lumber is a part of the trade. Stick to your farm, or that "if" may come up in some unexpected form.

Finally, keep clear from all speculations. The most unlucky hour of your life may be when you decide to live without manual labor. JONATHAN HUNT.

Swanto, O., Dec. 25.

For the Blade.

Animals Should Have Salt.

Many persons suppose that salt is not really necessary to the health and condition of any domestic animals, but such opinions are, however, erroneous. The use of common salt in our food, and in that of the lower animals, is not a mere matter of choice, or of taste, it is a necessary condition of animal existence. Hence, it is a wise provision that, like that equally indispensable substance, water, salt is to be found all over the globe, existing, especially, in large portions in the waters of large oceans as well as on the land, in solid strata of rock salt, and dissolved in greater or less quantity in the waters of springs.

Instead of handfuls of fine salt scattered hither and yonder in quantities, and at such intervals of time as may suit the caprice of keepers, large lumps of crude rock salt should be placed about the field, from which the animals may help themselves at will by licking, as instinct teaches them their system may require for the preservation of health. There is good sense, economy mayhap, safety in this arrangement.

Having at all times access to these salt licks, the animals will crave but small quantities, and at intervals to satisfy moderate desires even if the unyielding nature of these crude lumps did not prevent consumption in large quantities quickly.

Hand salting, especially when an attendant's negligence may for a time have withheld the needly supply, the inordinate craving leads to consumption to excess; thirst, fever, and ill consequences rapidly follow to an extent to lead some honestly to contend that salt at all to use with breeding animals is detrimental.

How can I cure mule from kicking in the stall? J. S. KIMMELL.

Ligonier, Pa.

Address Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade.

If Mr. Crandl would please either send his address to the BLADE or myself I would be much obliged, for I want to find out the price of his chickens. Have been waiting and watching for anyone in this State who had Plymouth Rocks, and shall be glad to hear further from him. As ever, the BLADE's friend.

CALVIN R. CHAPPELL.

North Prairie Wis.

Melon Culture.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I read the report from different persons on gardening—that for melon culture it is advantageous to cut off all late settings of melons I would like to inquire through the BLADE if it would be any advantage or detrimental to cut back the vines? F. F.

Carlisle Springs, Col., Jan. 5.

A Cure for Mange Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade:

If you will give me space, I would like to ask some of the members of this department to send me a cure for the mange on horses, for which I will send a cure for hog disease. I prize this department; I find many useful articles.

H. B. GOOD.

Tecumseh, Johnson Co., Neb., Dec. 29.

Cattle Improvement in Kansas.

As showing the importance, even in the first cross, of using thoroughbred sires upon the common or native stock of Texas, the following from the *Globe* of Dodge City, is in point:

The interest manifested by our stock raisers for the past three years in the improvement of their herds has been truly wonderful in this vicinity. Thousands of dollars are annually invested in the purchase of thoroughbred bulls, which have been distributed among the vast herds south and west of this place, and the increase from which already gives evidence of the success in this direction. No class of cattle will show as rapid improvement as the straight Texas. Brought from their native State, and bought for less than any other class of cattle that come to this market, the change from that warm and sunny clime of itself seems not only to improve them, but when crossed by our thoroughbred cattle, in the first cross will show a greater degree of blood than any other cattle that may be named. The second cross, to an old blooded stock dealer, would seem to be from some well bred domestic herd, when in fact it is but half-breed Texan. Our stock men are correct when they protest against their cattle being classed with other inferior cattle from adjoining States and Territories. There were when placed on the market, but few cattle marketed this year that will stand better average grade than the cattle shipped from the Dodge City yards.

Prunin Trees and Other Plants.

There are persons who assume to believe that pruning plants is at best an unnecessary operation, says the New York *Sun*. They will tell us that nature does not prune trees; neither does she train them to stakes or trellises, but everything is allowed to grow unrestrained, except as one plant may crowd or overtop its neighbor. It is true that plants do thrive under certain conditions and restrictions with the aid of man, and so does man live without clothes or education, but only in the lowest and most degraded condition. There are few, however, who will claim that the highest development of either physical or mental power is found among human beings who have never been trained in the arts, or subjected to the influence of civilization. Plants in their wild state require little aid from man to produce natural results. If man could be satisfied with wild grapes, crab pears and apples, we might let the plants grow wild, unpruned and without care, for under such conditions they would produce as much fruit as would be required to supply the demand. If our only apples were those gathered from wild trees, very few would produce fruit enough to supply the demand. But with an improvement in quality there usually comes an increased demand, not only because a superior article is preferred, but because the higher flavored and more tender the fruit the greater is the consumption without injury to the consumer. The moment a plant is subjected to cultivation it begins an artificial life, and it then requires treatment to correspond with its unnatural surroundings.

To Tell the Age of Cows.

The age of horned cattle may generally be known by rings on the horns till their tenth year; after that time they give no indication of age further than that the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appeared on the horn after the animal has passed two years old—soon after, as a general rule, though sometimes before that age. During the third year the rings gradually increases, and at three years of age it is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the fifth year it is complete. After that period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain, and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. A cow with three rings is six years old; with four she is seven years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year; the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age.—*Ex.*

Salting Fruit Trees.

Young fruit trees can be made to grow and do well in places where old trees have died, by sowing a pint of salt on the earth where they are to stand. After the trees are set I continue to sow a pint of salt around each tree every year. I set 25 trees in sandy soil for each one of seven years, and only succeeded in getting one to live, and that only produced twigs a few inches long in nine years. Last Spring I sowed a pint of salt around it, and limbs grew from three to three and a half feet long. In the Spring of 1877 I set out 25 trees, putting a pint of salt in the dirt used for filling, and then sowed a pint more on the surface after each tree was set. All grew as if they had never been taken from the nursery. Last Spring I set 30 more, treating them in the same way, and they have grown very finely. The salt keeps away insects that injure the roots, and it renders the soil more capable of sustaining plant growth.—J. B. M.

A Special Call of a Champion Fat Ox upon Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

The *Agricultural Gazette* informs us that Mr. Colman's prize ox, at the late Fat Cattle Show in London, received the compliment of a special invitation to Windsor Castle to be introduced to Her Majesty the Queen. Another feat of Her Majesty was to walk in the morning together with the Princess Beatrice, to the farm of the late Prince Consort some four or five miles from Windsor Castle, to look over the fat stock bred there previous to the commencement of their sale in the afternoon This is a famous live stock breeding farm, and it was a delight with the late Prince Albert to oversee and direct all its operations; and no one took more pleasure in showing it to his visitors, or was more happy than he in obtaining a prize or the exhibition of any of his animals at the Cattle Show of England.

The Square Man.

Josh Billings.

The square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no wainny edges nor shaky lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what yu work him up into he won't swell, and he won't drink. He iz amungst men what good kil-dried boards are among carpenters he wont season-krack. It don't make enny difference which side ov him yu cum up to, he iz the same bignss each way, and the only way tew get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he iz square, and never spends enny time tricing to prove it. The square man iz one ov the best-shaped men the world has ever produced, he iz one ov them kind ov chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot tew fit him.

Where Statesmanship is Needed.

New York Tribune.

If Congress wants to do a popular thing let it drop all attempts to juggle the Electoral count, and set about reforming the system of electing Presidents. The system is rusty, rickety and outworn. There ought to be statesmanship enough in Congress to devise a better one.

A Protective Duty.

The person subject to derangement of the kidneys and liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.—*Herald*

The Sunday School.

Simeon and the Child Jesus.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.—Luke 2: 30.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 2: 25-35.

25. And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him. 26. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. 27. And he came by the Spirit into the temple, and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, 28. Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God and said, 29. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, 30. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, 31. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people. 32. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel. 33. And Joseph and his mother marvelled at that those things which were spoken of him. 34. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother. Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against, 35. (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There was a man in Jerusalem . . . waiting (v. 25.)—Waiting is often the best kind of service a man can render. Indeed, we call a good servant a waiter. But it is commonly harder to wait than to work. It was harder for the children the night before Christmas, to wait until morning before they knew what presents they were to have. Yet there was nothing for them to do but to wait. And if they only would wait, the morning would come—and with it all that had been promised to them for the morning. How hard it is to wait for the fever to turn, when we are watching by a loved one's bedside, and our only help is in waiting. It is hard to wait from seedtime to harvest, from the beginning of the voyage to its end, from the sad parting to the joyous meeting again, from the sending of a letter until its answer can come back to us. How much easier it would be to do something to hasten a desired event, instead of patiently, passively waiting for its coming. It is so much easier to ask in faith than to wait in faith. The minutes drag while the response tarries. In the training of children, in the overcoming of evil habits, in the establishing a friendship, in the securing a competency, in the winning of public confidence, in almost everything you have to do, ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." Hoping in the Lord is well; but waiting on the Lord is not less so. "It is good that a man should both hope and patiently wait for the salvation of the Lord."

The parents brought in the child Jesus (v. 27.)—These parents didn't wait until their child was old enough to come himself to the house of the Lord, before he had a place there. They brought him when he was less than two months old. Were they wrong in this? If ever there was a child who could be safely left to himself in his infancy, it was "the child Jesus." But those into whose loving care he was committed of God, felt and discharged a religious responsibility for himself. What parent now shall say that he is freed from all religious responsibility for his infant child? How are Christian parents to be faithful in their religious duty in behalf of their yet irresponsible children?

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word (v. 29.)—So long as we have any work or any waiting to do for the Lord in this life, we have no right to want to go out of this life. While work is our duty we ought to work. While waiting is our duty we ought to wait. Not until God wants us elsewhere than here ought we to desire to be elsewhere. What if we are in seeming confusion? What if we are in endless perplexity and anxiety? What if we are constant sufferers? Want if we are a burden to others, or are burdened by others? Until God calls us to another sphere, this is the one for us to honor and glorify him in; and honoring and glorifying him ought to be our chief occupation and desire. It was because the Lord had told Simeon to wait until he saw the Messiah, that Simeon waited patiently for the Messiah's coming. It was because he knew that he was to die when he had seen the Messiah, that Simeon said he was now ready to die. No man ought to want to die before God wants him to die. It is a shrinking of duty that prompts any one to crave death while it is God's plan for him to live. It is a shrinking from duty that makes a man want to live an hour longer, when God calls him to die. Until God's time comes, let us work and wait. When God's time has come, let us die.

Joseph and his mother marvelled (v. 33.)—The best people in the world, and those who live nearest to the Lord, find a great many things in the Lord's ways that they can only wonder over. They can see what the Lord does, but not why he does it. If Mary, the mother of Jesus, could not understand some of these things which are recorded of her Son for all the world to know about, why should we expect to understand all the new things that come to pass in the plan of his kingdom? It does seem strange that the Lord permits some of the things which we see, and which we experience, in our every day Christian life. Our only way to deal with them is—to marvel. We oughtn't to turn aside on account of them. We oughtn't to doubt. We oughtn't to worry. But we can—marvel.

A sign which shall be spoken against (v. 34.)—It is folly to say that the religion of Jesus, or that the spirit of Jesus commends itself to everybody. Jesus was "spoken against" while he was here in this world. He is spoken against to day. Those who best represent him are spoken against—spoken against because they represent him; spoken against by some who would fain be known by his name, or be counted one of his friends. The doctrines and the practices of Jesus are not acceptable to all. They are called too strait-laced by some, and too lax by others. The fact that we are spoken against does not in itself show that we are the true followers of Jesus. Neither does it show that we are not his true followers. We are to look to his record for our test of correctness in spirit and speech and action; not to the reception which we meet at the hands of those about us. It is our duty to pattern our lives after his life, at whatever cost to our popularity or earthly interests; and if we do pattern after him, we are sure to be spoken against by others.

A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also (v. 35.)—Our greatest blessings are the cause of our keenest sufferings in this life. The profoundest experiences of joy inevitably prepare the way for the intensest experiences of sorrow. If we love dearly, we must have added pain in all that gives pain to the one whom we love. All that makes an earthly possession precious, increases the sense of loss when that treasure is taken from us. And beyond all this, it is in the plan of God that those of us who would be sharers with Christ in his glory, shall be partakers of his sufferings in the flesh. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God"—if we enter in at all. If you would give your heart to Jesus, you must bear your breast to the assaults of the great enemy of Jesus. And though final victory is assured to you in the spiritual contest, "a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

The Way to Treat the French Project.

Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman (Rep.)

The proper attitude of the American Government toward the Panama project may be illustrated by a story of the witty Dean Swift. He was aroused in the middle of the night by his wife, who in a tremor of terror whispered to him that there was a burglar in the house. "Lie still, my dear, and let him go through the house," responded the Dean, "and if he finds any money we will get up and take it away from him." Any canal on this continent belongs rightly to the control of the United States. But we will let De Lesseps go ahead and build it, and then if we discover any profit in it we will assert our right to it, or if it threatens danger to our interests, we will arise and take it.

An Ohio Man.

Dayton Journal.]

Kris Kringle will some day claim that he is an Ohio man.

Which?

New Haven Register (Dem.)

Is this a country, or are we living on Jay Gould's farm?

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

GLASS EYES.

How Eyes Are Made—Counterfeit Optics for Dogs and Horses—Something About Dolls' Eyes.

New York News.

"The French no longer monopolize the manufacture of glass eyes," observed a Broadway optician to a *Sunday News* reporter. "We are, or rather one New Yorker is, making as perfect ones now as were ever turned out of any of the French factories, and it will not be many months before our market will be fully supplied with eyes of the same manufacture. I ship a great many to South and Central America, and where I had to keep the supply up with imported stock, last year, I am now sending more than half of American make away. My shipments are almost all to private customers. Is the business an extensive one? It is much more so than you suppose. I don't know whether gouging is a favorite amusement in Buenos Ayres now, or not, but I sent several gross of eyes to that place alone, last year, and nearly as many to Rio Janeiro."

The secrets of the manufacture of glass eyes are very jealously guarded ones, every manufacturer claiming to possess the sole recipe for the composition of those limpid enamels which so closely approach nature in the colors they impart to the artificial optic. Most of them do have special formulæ for the manufacture of their enamels, the result of extensive experimentalizing, and which they set high value on. The general method of glass eye making, however, is by no means as mysterious as it is interesting.

Artificial optics are made in the first place, upon a very minute description of the eye whose loss they are to conceal. The color, shape, size, and general appearance of the sound eye are specified as closely as possible, together with the depth and dimensions of the empty socket and the size of the stump. For it must be known that there is always, or almost always, a muscular remnant of a lost eye, to which the hollow of the glass substitute is fitted. Thanks to this stump, the wearer of a glass eye may move it about as naturally as if it were a real one.

Artificial eyes nowadays are only a light shell of enamel, differing very much in form according to their wearers. They are all made by hand, no mold of any kind being used, and the artificers become so expert that a good workman will produce an infinite number of eyes so identical in form, size and color, that it is impossible to distinguish between them, with no other tools than their breath and hands. Glass eyes, as everybody knows, are made to be placed under the eyelid. They consist of two distinct shells, the exterior one, which presents the aspect of the natural eye, and the interior, or lining one, which is fitted to the stump. The workman labors at a table on which is a lamp, to whose flame the blast of a bellows worked with the foot gives a pointed jet of the varying strength he may require.

The first process consists of heating the end of a hollow tube of colorless crystal, which is then blown into a ball. This transparent shell is colored to imitate the sclerotica or white of the eye with enamels applied while the glass is still a vitreous paste. The tint of the white varies from a very clear one to a bilious yellow, according as the person who is to wear it has his other eye to match. To such a fine point is this coloring business carried, that it is affirmed to be a very rare thing that glass eyes for any two different people are exactly alike. When the sclerotica is finished, a round hole is made in the center to receive the globe of the eye. This varies in size even as the white does in color. In washing the globe the iris is first formed out of several amalgamated enamels. In the center of this iris the pupil is fixed in black enamel, encircled with its aureola, and finished by the delicate tracery of those infinitely small fibers which are found in the iris of the natural eye. The eye globe, when finished, is soldered into the opening, in the sclerotica shell, and the optic is, after a little delicate general fixing up, complete.

Artificial eyes are nearly as old as history. When an ancient Egyptian lost an eye he replaced it with a kind of painted bandage, concealing the socket of the lost member. Later on a metallic shell was invented to fit under the eyelid. Glass eyes seem to have been first made at the commencement of the present century. The earliest glass eyes were solid, the pupil and iris being painted on the rear surface with oil colors. But these, like the rude work of the ancients, were a very poor apology for real eyes, and deceived no one with any eyes to see with. They had an unalterable, dead, fixed look, that was little, if anything, better to gaze upon than the empty hole they filled would have been. The discovery of the value of the eye-stump as a motor was the first step in the manufacture of glass eyes of a really deceptive character. Now some are made whose sham it is really next to impossible to detect, even by close scrutiny. At a casual glance their counterfeit character passes absolutely undiscovered. There is a young society lady here who has worn a glass eye from childhood. Veiled by her lovely lashes, which she has trained to that languid drooping which was a historic characteristic of the eyes of Napolon III., no one of her very intimates dreams that the dark orb whose pensive beauty is so much admired is a mere shell.

It is in this that the perfection of the eye-maker's art consists, and out of this that his profit comes. There are plenty of glass eyes to be got cheap, like that of the old maid in Mark Twain's story, which had to be stuffed round with cotton to be kept in place, and which had such an uncomfortable habit of dropping out in the middle of the sermon and going rattling along the floor like the glass alley of some careless urchin. But a good glass eye costs a good price, and, as people who have to wear one generally keep a couple on hand in case of an accident to which the frail objects are particularly liable, the eye-maker never has to complain of dull times. Human beings do not monopolize his labors altogether. Glass eyes have been made to supply the gaps left by accident in the heads of both dogs and horses and these animals learn to wear them, it is averred as comfortably as their masters can. It would be about the right thing now for some one to invent false teeth for the same brute benefit. A well-known sporting man actually has the teeth of a valuable speeder plugged with silver.

If the French have gained the supremacy of the world in the matter of artificial eye-making, there is one sort of optics which they do not control the manufacture of. One of the oldest industries of Birmingham, England, is the manufacture of dolls' eyes. Several thousands of people are employed at this apparently insignificant industry. Its origin there was told by the pioneer manufacturer before a Committee of the House of Commons, as follows:

"Eighteen years ago on my first visit to London, a respectable-looking man in the City asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes, and I was foolish enough to feel half offended. I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide and twice as long as this (one of the large rooms for committees in the House of Commons,) and we had just room to walk beneath the stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of pairs of dolls. He said these were only the legs and arms, the trunks were below; but I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes, and, as the articles appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment, and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order, and, on returning to the Travistock Hotel I found it amounted to upward of £500."

Why She Wept.

Chicago Tribune.

The Paris papers record with astonishment the fact that at the recent wedding of Mlle. Samary, the actress, with the son of of a rich stock broker, the bride shed tears. The same thing once occurred in Chicago, greatly to the surprise of the young lady's friends, but after the ceremony it was learned that the groom's fortune had been wiped out that day by an eccentric gyration of the wheat market, the fact being unknown to all but the bride.

A FLOATING PALACE

For New York City.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Several gentlemen, among them O. P. Buel, E. L. Parris, and G. B. Massey, are urging the adoption of a report submitted by Mr. Samuel Conover before his retirement from the Park Commission, recommending the granting of permission to moor a "Floating Palace" at the Battery, between Castle Garden and South Ferry. The persons interested were informed that they would be heard on Wednesday next at 10 A. M. Mr. Gideon B. Massey is the projector of the "Floating Palace," and the principal supporters of the enterprise are James L. Macauley, Pierre Lorillard, and S. J. Murphy. The plans already prepared provide for a structure 400 feet long and 88 feet wide. Three decks will rest on a double hull, between the parts of which will be accommodations for 800 bathers. The tide will have free passage through the bathing compartments, while the depth of the water therein will be confined to four feet by a flooring connecting the bottoms of the two hulls. Accommodations for 30,000 persons will be provided on the decks, which are to be richly ornamented with statuary and other embellishments. Seven domes will surround the pavilion, and its roof is to be constantly decorated will the flags of all Nations. A band stationed in the centre of the middle deck will furnish music every afternoon and evening during the Summer, and at night the whole structor will be brilliantly illuminated with gas and electric lights, no less than 800 of the former and 15 of the latter being provided for in the plans. The capital stock of the company when formed will be $500,000, which would be subjected to a yearly taxation of $12,650. In addition to this amount it is proposed to pay $5,000 a year for the privilege of mooring the pavilion at the Battery.

SEC. SHERMAN

Unanimously Nominated for Senator.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 12.—The Republicans of the two branches of the General Assembly met last night in open caucus. After chosing a chairman and secretary, Gen Jones, of Delaware, nominated John Sherman as a candidate for United States Senator, and supported his motion in a speech reviewing Mr. Sherman's political career, notably his intimate connection with the National finances and the part he played in securing the resumption of specie payments. The speaker claimed that the return of Mr. Sherman to the National Legislature would be most acceptable to all foreign and domestic holders of United States securities.

The nomination was seconded by Sen. Peter Hitchcock, in a speech paying a high tribute to Mr. Sherman as a statesman, financier and patriot.

Representative Walker, of Logan, moved that the nomination of Mr. Sherman be made unanimous, which, after a further endorsement by Senator Horr, was agreed to and three cheers given for Sherman, Ohio's next Senator. The caucuss was not in session more than 20 minutes.

TELEGRAPH SHORTS

Get a Terrible Squeeze.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The shorts in the Western Union have been terribly twisted by the last rise in the stock. The losses of a prominent operator, who is an intimate friend of Vanderbilt, are estimated at $500,000. A relative of the latter lost $60,000, and a Broad street broker lost the same amount. A prominent New street operator lost $150,000, and a former partner of Gould dropped $75,000 on the deal. It is stated that Jay Gould, General Palmer, and Dr. Norvin Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, held a private conference on telegraph matters late Saturday evening. It is rumored that the way was paved for peace, if not for the pooling of earnings, amalgamation or consolidation of the companies. The Commercial says: "Three of the great operators of the street, who are supposed to have no interest or communication in common, are credited with making the great bull turn of 20 per cent. in Western Union Telegraph. We mean Vanderbilt, Keene and Gould. The simultaneous great rise in Western Union and American Union Telegraphs induce the suspicion that the rival operators understand each other, and that ultimate consolidation or combination of interest is almost sure to occur at no very distant day."

THE MAINE MUDDLE.

The Report of the Joint Committee.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 12.—The Committee on Gubernatorial Votes reassembled, yesterday afternoon, and received the corrected returns from Vassalbar and Morrill. The Committee then voted to make the following report: The Joint Committee on Gubernatorial Votes, having attended to their duty, ask leave to report: Whole number of votes cast, 747,802; Harris M. Plaisted had 73,713; Daniel F. Davis, 73,544; Joshua Nye, 309, Wm. A. Joy, 124, Harrison M. Plaisted, 57; scattering, 55. Harrison M. Plaisted having received the plurality of all the votes cast is duly elected Governor of the State of Maine for 1881 and 1882. The above report will be presented to the Senate to-day. Mortland will put in a minority report.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 12.—The House, without debate, accepted the report of the majority Committee on Gubernatorial Votes declaring Plaisted elected Governor. There were seven opposing votes. The President and Speaker were requested to notify Gov. Plaisted of the result.

Ohio Colored People.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 12.—Col. Robert Harlan, a recognized leader among the colored people of Ohio, has returned from Washington thoroughly impressed with the belief that his race will have a better standing in the new administration than they have ever had before. He says Sen. Bruce, with whom he dined recently, expects to be well taken care of by Garfield, and it is understood in Washington that Fred Douglass will continue Marshal of the District. Pinchback, of Louisiana, will visit Mentor in a few days resumatily in Bruce's interest.

A Female Burglar.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 13.—Mary Riley, the female burglar, who broke open the pawn office of Max Biederman, No. 523 Cedar street, on the night of Dec. 15, and got away with a quantity of jewelry and other valuables, was tried here this afternoon and found guilty of burglary. She is from Chicago, her folks living on Blue Island avenue. She is 19 years of age, and a hard-looking citizen.

Coercive Measures.

A Galveston Irishman has a very bright boy, who reads the papers. The other morning the old man asked Patrick jun or why he didn't return the change from the marketing. There was no answer except that the boy muttered: "The toirant."

"Have you fed the pig, Patrick?"

A stony stare was the only reply. Then for about 15 minutes there was a vision of a son closely pursued by a barcheaded father revolving around the house, until the former overtook the latter and yanked him over a water-barrel.

"I was only thrying Boycott on yez, feyther; for the sake of ould Ireland lave me alone."

"It's a boy caught ye are," panted the old man. "I'll tache yer to thrile wid a Home Ruler," and he reached out and gathered a barrel-stave.

The application of coercive measures double heard four blocks off.

Too Pin-ful to Endure.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Professor in one of our City institutions, being requested by a party of students to give his "estimate of the lifting power of a bent pin," has resigned.

Indiana's Turn.

Philadelphia Times.

When ex-Sec. Thompson gets that canal of his fairly started, Indiana men will have a chance of obtaining something in the way of an office.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Sixth Congress—Second Session

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Jan 12.

On motion of Mr. BUCKNER the morning hour was dispensed with, 123 to 24.

Mr. F. WOOD, of New York, moved that when the House next went into a Committee of the Whole on the funning bill, the debate on the pending amendment should be limited to 30 minutes. Agreed to.

The House then went into a Committee of the Whole, Covert in the chair, on the pending bill.

Mr. WOOD said, for himself he saw nothing inconsistent in the establishment of a 3 per cent. of interest for the bond, and the shortening of the option indicated in the bill, would go further. He believed that with the removal of the tax on bank deposits and the establishment of a rate of 3 per cent. the question of option was absolutely immaterial because the bonds and certificate would not be likely to rise to any great premium, and would be at any time within the reach of the Government at par or at a nominal premium. He believed that a three per cent. rate could be safely established and was confident of a speedy negotiation of every bond and certificate issued.

Mr. STEVENSON opposed the bill on the ground that it did no more or less than fix a permanent National debt upon the country.

Mr. WEAVER protested against refunding five and six per cents into any obligation that would take from the Government the right of redemption for a single day or hour.

Mr. McMILLAN argued in favor of the amendment which he proposed to offer, making the bonds subject to taxation.

Mr. DUNNELL, a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, said he had no doubt that three per cent. bonds would find a ready sale, and he advocated that rate of interest. He would vote, however, for the reduction of the time from 20 to 10 years.

Mr. TURNER opposed refunding. He was in favor of placing an income tax on capitalists and bondholdees, and letting the revenue received from that tax go to the extinguishment of the bonds. The time for debate having expired, the Committee rose, and it was extended one hour.

SENATE.

Sen. RAVIS submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the advisability of a change in the organization of the Treasury, and other department so as to divide the accounts, etc., for collecting, receipt, and safe keeping of the revenues from the disbursement accounts; to transfer from the Treasury to the War or Navy Department, steamboat inspection, life saving and other services, and to place under the State Department matters connected with our domestic and foreign commerce. Tabled and ordered printed.

Sen. LOGAN called up the joint resolution, extending the franking privilege to all official business sent through the mails by Senators, Representatives and delegates in Congress, and in all other respects to be under the limitations of existing laws. Sen. Logan explained, the resolution was designed to cover only letters, etc., sent from departments through the hands of Congressmen to the people at large.

SENATE.

WASHINGTONN, Jan. 14.

Sen. HOAR presented, with a petition in its favor, a bill to provide for retired and retiring Presidents of the United States.

Sen. JOHNSTON, from the Committee on Agriculture, reported different bills before the Committee on the subject of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle. He said quite a number of these bills had been referred to the Committee, but their provisions are so varied and the subject itself so large and difficult that it had been determined to report them back without any recommendation, letting them go on the calendar to be called up at any time.

Sen. JOHNSTON, from the Select Committee on Yorktown Centennial celebration, reported favorably the House joint resolution authorizing the president to extend to France an invitation to join the United States in the observance of the Centennial of the surrender at Yorktown. He said in reply to Anthony, the bill did not provide an appropriation but that an amendment in that regard could be made when the bill was taken up.

The Senate passed the District tramp bill and proceeded with the calendar under the Anthony rule.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

Its Abuse by the Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—A report from the Postmaster-General in regard to the abuse of the franking privilege during the last campaign by a number of honorable Democratic members, has been lying on the Speaker's desk for some days. The report shows that leading Democrats of the House and the Senate allowed their franks to be used in shipping off cart-loads of campaign documents, supposed to have been calculated to make votes. The Republicans have repeatedly attempted to get at the report, in order to know its exact contents, but have always been unable to do so, owing to adjournments and other Democratic tricks. To-day, the Democrats could stand the pressure no longer. But, instead of allowing the report to be read and made public, they passed a resolution appointing a committee of five to inquire whether there had been any abuse of the franking privilege during the campaign. This resolution was offered by Blackburn, and seconded by Browne, of Indiana, and Cox, who said that the report of the Postmaster General was based on ex parte evidence. The committee to investigate will get to work at once. It is composed of three Democrats and two Republicans. The evidence against prominent Democrats who prostituted the franking privilege to campaign usages is so overwhelming as to make it certain that the investigation will end as disastrously for its originators as all Democratic investigations have in the past.

COLORED CHILDREN

And Their Education.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 12.—A delegation of prominent colored men from Alabama waited upon Gen. Garfield last evening at the residence of William Edwards. G. W. Broxdell, of Talladega, and L. P. M. Watkins, of Courtland, addressed the General, setting forth the condition of the colored people in the South, their lack of education, etc., and asking that the coming administration will do what it can to aid the education of the blacks. Gen. Garfield responded saying that the education of their children was the foremost duty of all American people and assuring them that what could be done, would not fail. He urged them to avoid raising the color line and not to separate themselves as a class from the mass of citizens.

Last night a banquet was given at the residence of William Edwards, in honor of Gen. Garfield. Among those present were Gov. Foster and Hon. H. B. Payne.

Silver Dollars.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Chairman of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, says his Committee does not agree with either the President or the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the policy to be pursued respecting the coinage. Mr. Stephens says his Committee, and he thinks the House, will vote to maintain the coinage of the silver dollar. This coinage, he says, should be unlimited, for in this way alone can the necessities of the country be met. Mr. Burchard, Director of the Mint, has recently said that in his opinion, there is enough gold bullion now on hand to keep the mints going for a year. After this the production of gold will be sufficient to keep the quantity of gold coin equal to the demand upon it, and the Western mints being near the mines will be best qualified to handle.

The Leopard Boy.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Prof. Geo. Henry Fax, in a lecture on skin diseases at the College of Physicians and Surgeons to-day, exhibited as an illustration the "Leopard Boy." After the Professor had explained that color of different races depended on the amount of pigment contained in the skin, the boy—a young negro about 11 years old—was led in. He was scantily dressed. His body is mottled with patches of white skin. Prof. Fox said that the spots had enlarged considerably since his first examination of the boy three years ago, and it was safe to predict that process would go on until transformation would be complete. The lad, in response to questions, said he was black at birth, and that the white spots began to appear when he was three years old. He suffered no pain.

A WIFE MURDERER.

Pays the Penalties of his Crime on the Scaffold.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Edward Reinhardt, the wife murderer, was executed in the yard of the Richmond County jail, Staten Island, this forenoon. He met his fate stolid and died easy. A large crowd was attracted to Richmond by the event, but a heavy rain prevented the immense gathering expected. Reinhardt remained up in the corridor of the prison until 5 A. M., conversing with the keepers and reporters. He spoke in cheery tones, joked and smoked. "My mother's visit yesterday," he said, "was the hardest on me. Now the hardest is over and I will die bravely." Although born in the Catholic faith, Reinhardt refused to see two Catholic blergymen who called. He later admitted a Baptist clergyman who remained with him until h

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Chicago wants a branch mint.

The Osage Indians own nearly 12,000 cattle and ponies.

Many deaths from diftheria are reported from New Brunswick.

On one ranch in Texas a thousand lambs were killed by cold weather.

Over $1,500,000 is to be appropriated for a new national library building.

The coal mines at Seattle, Washington Territory, have closed down indefinitely.

The new code of Mississippi cost $12,500—five thousand volumes at $2.50 per volume.

There were 2,636 burials in Detroit last year, not including the report of the Hebrew cmetery.

A storm of rain, freezing as it fell, created a freshet and ruined the orchards of Virginia yesterday.

Harris M. Plaisted took the oath of office to-day as Governor of Maine, and delivered his message.

Instead of wedding the Princess Stephanie, the Austrian Crown Prince will spend February in Egypt.

The weekly statement of the Bank of France shows a decrease of 4,495,000 francs gold, and 2,662,000 francs silver.

The trial of Kratz, charged with the murder of his brother in Chicago, ended last evening with a verdict of not guilty.

In hunting in a stalk field near Bowling Green, Edward Mullin shot his friend, George Hutchinson, mistaking him for game.

Mrs. Mary O'Connor, who killed three of her children in Jersey City, N. J., last Summer, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity.

The hotel of V. M. Rose, at Royal Oak, Mich., and one of the buildings of L. E. Lusk's factory, at Jackson, have been destroyed by fire.

At Lucan, Ont., the engine of a steam threshing machine exploded this morning, killing George Boulton and injuring a number of others.

A Lowell dispatch states the picker room in the building of the Merrimac Woolen Mill burned this forenoon. Loss $20,000. Insured.

Harry Kerr, of Olean, N. Y., lies in a precarious condition from the collision of his sled with a jutting plank. A splinter pierced his body.

Ada Cavendish, the actress, recently attacked by pneumonia at Nashville, Tenn., has disbanded her company and returned to New York.

Securities valued at over $40,000 have been mysteriously abstracted from a safe at Philadelphia in the office of the Pennsylvania company for insurance on lives.

The scheme for the construction of a railway from Pesth to Constantinople has been placed before a firm of London bankers and the Government of Austria and Servia.

Steele Mackaye, the New York manager, sues Mr. Mallory, proprietor of the Madison Square Theater, to regain his rights in "Hazel Kirke" and the double stage patent.

A telegram received at military headquarters, Chicago, dated January 9, says Major Ilges has captured 20 Indians and a number of ponies, in addition to the capture of January 2.

Advices from Bombay report the discovery of a plot in Kalopore to depose the Rajah and massacre all the European residents while in Church. Twenty-seven natives have been arrested.

The brother of John Stevenson, of Unionville, O., cut a hole through the ice on the river for the purpose of gigging fish. John came along on skates, slid into the ice, and was drowned.

Dr. Patton, the chemist of the Health Department of Chicago, has analyzed a sample of Lake Michigan. He finds it comparatively free of organic matter, but strongly impregnated with magnesian salts.

William Belden, former partner of James Fisk and Jay Gould, and one of the famous firm of Fisk, Belden & Co., has become one of the financial pillars of Plymouth Church, paying $675 for a pew.

In the regular army, William McCormick, of Shelbyville, Ky., lost a leg by the accidental discharge of a gun, and on Saturday, while hunting, lost his arm by using his gun as a crutch, in dismounting from a horse.

A Masonic lodge of Fredericksburg, Va., being the one in which George Washington was initiated in 1752, has determined to build a Washington memorial Masonic temple. The Grand Lodge of Virginia will assist.

Henry Becker, who abducted an immigrant girl to a house of ill-repute in New York, has been convicted and sent to the Penitentiary for 12 years. Dora Schernickaw, the keeper of the "dive," was sent down for the same time.

Mirondo, a young Mexican, attempted to outrage one of a party of three girls near Los Angelas, Cal., last Sunday. The girl's arm was broken in the struggle. Her companions gave the alarm, and Mirando was captured and lynched.

The receipts from tolls on the Illinois & Michigan Central during the year 1880 were $117,735, and the expenses, including $10,000 paid for building a lock at Copperas Creek and $4,585 paid for constructing Fyring Lake Canal, were $120,282.

Fifty-four members of Parliament were present as yesterday's meeting to arrange for the deputation to wait on Gladstone in regard to the Irish land question. Lords Mouck, Monteagle, Powers Court and Emly are expected to accompany the deputation.

The papers who escaped living death in the Dover (N. H.) Poor House last Friday are now crowded into small wooden buildings not one quarter large enough, and so heated and arranged that a repetition of Friday's disaster is likely to occur at any moment.

The message of Gov. St. John shows that Kansas has a bonded debt of about $1,600,000, and has $360,000 in the Treasurer's vaults. His chief recommendations are for an additional Penitentiary, a reform school for women, and a school for feeble-minded children.

A passenger train on the Pan-Handle Road ran into three loaded freight-cars near Unionport, O. The engineer, Thomas Burke, was badly cut, and the fireman injured in the right shoulder. Several passengers were bruised. The engine, postal car, and three freight-cars were wrecked.

Assessor Drake, of South Chicago, has discovered an attempt, on the part of some person having access to the books of the County Clerk, to reduce by $40,000 the assessment of nine well known business houses, and thereby defraud the City of $1,500 in taxes. The matter will be sent to the Grand Jury.

Hon. A. E. Rice has put before the Legislature of Minnesota a measure presenting the maximum freight rates to be charged by railroads, and providing penalties for violation of the same. Sen. Oaker introduced a bill granting six sections of swamp lands for each mile of track laid by the Little Falls & Dakota Railroad.

As France contributed not a little toward bringing about the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown on a memorable occasion, the House of Representatives yesterday, on a motion of Mr. Goode, of Virginia, passed a resolution authorizing and requesting the President to invite the French nation—Government and people—to join our own Government and people in celebrating the centennial anniversary of the event.

It is reported that Marshal Fitzsimmons, of Georgia, has been asked to resign, and that H. J. Kimball, of Atlanta, will be appointed in his stead. Fitzsimmons is a Democrat whom Pres. Hayes appointed in pursuance of the olive branch policy. His administration has been eminently unsatisfactory, and it is conduct during the recent prosecution of moonshiners was intolerable. Mr. Kimball is a Maine man, but he has lived in Georgia ever since the war.

The yellow fever has entirely disappeared from Key West, Florida.

The Republicans of Philadelphia have renominated Stokeley for Mayor.

An unknown disease has broked out among the cattle at Ottawa, Canada.

Bernhardt gathered in $20,569 for her six performances in Chicago last week.

New Orleans is shipping great quantities of silver to all parts of the South.

The bark "Star of India" is reported to be lost near the Delaware breakwater.

Mary Gerphke was found starved and frozen in a garret at Chicago the other day.

Opium is smuggled into the Sandwich Islands in tin cans labeled "Boston Baked Beans."

Geo. Smith, engineer, killed by a boiler explosion in a saw mill at Crossman's Station, Wis.

The corporation of London has decided to use the electric light exclusively for that City.

Our Indian wars from 1865 to 1879 are estimated to have cost the Government $22,680,000.

One liquor dealer at Sterling, Ill., has been fined $450, one $225, and three others $100 each.

The World's Fair Committee, at New York, announce subscriptions to the amount of $84,100.

The pilot laws of New York have been decided to be valid by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Democratic legislators of Indiana will compliment ex-Gov. Gray with their votes for the Senatorship.

At Havana, Ill., John Miller murdered the child of his mistress, Hattie Reiger, by choking and kicking it.

A Vienna dispatch announces that Turkey is making extensive purchases of arms in the United States.

The obelisk will be set up in Central Park, New York City, on Saturday of next week, weather permitting.

At Bunker Hill, Ind., yesterday, John Duckwalls, a miller, was caught between two wheels and crushed to death.

Miss Carrie Toles, of Grand Rapids, Mich., committed suicide at Detroit, on Wednesday night, by drowning.

Alexander Hyde, member of the Massachusetts Legislature, fell dead in front of the State House the other day.

The steamship "City of Richmond" from Europe brought £100,000 gold coin; the steamship "Oder" £4,000 silver.

A Chicago druggist is under arrest for selling morphine for quinine, the mistake causing the death of two little girls.

Mrs. O'Connor, of Jersey City, who in July last, killed her three children, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity.

The rival Canada Pacific syndicate now organizing at Toronto, in seeking recruits among the capitalists of Manitoba.

Robert McQuaig, the defaulting financial secretary of the Chicago Typographical Union, was captured at Madison, Wis.

There were 344 failures in New York last year, involving nearly $20,000,000 liabilities, being 35 per cent. less than 1879.

Eminent Cincinnati legal talent has discovered that the Southern Railroad cannot be sold by the City without further legislation.

A. H. Baughman, President of the First National Bank of Xenia, O., was victimized by Cincinnati bunko men to the tune of $2,000.

Forty entries for the international walking match, at New York, have already been made. Dobler, Weston, and Harriman are on the list.

The Peruvians have placed dynamite mines at exposed points outside of Lima. The Chillian army is encamped at Durin, and a battle is daily expected.

The value of the petroleum exports from the United States for the 11 months ending November 30, 1880, was $81,644,007, against $53,296,020 for the same period in 1879.

Harris M. Plaisted, having been installed as Governor of Maine, expressed the fear that the gathering of militia at the inauguration of Gen. Garfield would prove a fatal precedent.

Geo. B. Fisher, a prominent insurance agent at Hartford Conn., has disappeared, leaving behind him rumors of heavy losses in Wall street. He was commander of the Governor's foot guard.

The President of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad has offered his special car, a perfect palace on wheels, to be used by Gen. Garfield in his journey from Mentor to Washington.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll was to have delivered an oration over the remains of his deceased sister at Erie, Pa., yesterday, but he broke down completely. He is said to have grown 10 years older since her death.

A Detroit plumber, named Edwin Ross, who was jailed for contempt in refusing to pay alimony in a divorce suit, has brought an action against Judge J. Logan Chipman and his wife's attorneys for $100,000.

In the debate in the British Parliament on the address to the Queen, Shaw Lefevre, Secretary of the Admiralty, expressed the opinion that the mere passing of coercive measures would terminate the terrorism of Ireland.

The late Joseph F. Armour, of Chicago, bequeathed to three trustees the sum of $100,000 to establish a Mission church and school, to be exclusively used for charitable purposes. The estimated value of the entire estate is $1,500,000.

The social circles of Boston were very largely represented at Trinity Church, to witness the wedding of Francis Peabody, jr., and Miss Rosamond Lawrence. The costumes were especially elegant. Rev. Phillips Brooks performed the ceremony.

A young thief arrested by the police of Elkhart, Ind., disclosed the headquarters of a gang of boy robbers. The officers found an underground house on an Island in the river, with a stove and other necessities, and captured seven offenders.

The Kansas State Convention of farmers has concluded its sessions. The topics considered were in reference to inter-state commerce, protection of husbandry and wool growing, contagious diseases of domestic stocks, grain inspection, diseases, cruelty to animals, etc.

A jury at Indianapolis awarded a horse-thief, named John Gardiner, three years in the penitentiary. The convicted felon then coolly walked out of the court-room, and has not since been heard from. Spectators who witnessed his departure thought he was accompanied by a bailiff.

THE KELLOGG CASE

To be Laid on the Table if Possible.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Republican Senators held a caucus this morning, at which it was determined that when the Kellogg case comes up in the Senate, the Republicans will submit a motion to lay the whole subject on the table, and that if this motion does not prevail they will endeavor to prevent the adoption of the resolution unseating Kellogg by all parliamentary resources in their power. The sentiment of the caucus was that if an extra session of Congress be necessary in consequence of the prolonged struggle for the passage of this resolution the Democrats must take the responsibility. A Committee was appointed to report upon a general order of business.

A Significant Circumstance.

DANVILLE, Va., Jan. 15.—The funeral of A. J. Allen, (colored), a member of the City Council, who died yesterday, took place to-day. The Council, which includes some of the wealthiest and most influential men of the place, attended the funeral in a body.

Charges Against Whitaker.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The charges and specifications against Cadet Whitaker have been completed. He is charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman in mutilating himself, in writing the letter of warning, and in false swearing.

It May be Your Turn Next!

Don't delay, but send Two Dollars by first mail and get you a ticket in the Commonwealth Distribution Co.'s Drawing of the 31st inst. Address R. M. BOARDMAN, Louisville Ky.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Sixth Congress-Second Session

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.

SENATE.

Sen. WALLACE, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported, with sundry amendments, the Indian appropriation bill.

Sen. PENDLETON, from the Census Committee, reported, with a detailed report, a bill making an appropriation for compiling and publishing the returns of the Tenth census.

Sen. GARLAND presented the report of the Congressional visitors to West Point, and accompanying the same with a bill explaining the laws relating to the Military Academy at West Point. Referred.

Sen. WILLIAMS introduced a bill to establish ocean mail service, and making an appropriation therefor.

A bill was passed directing the purchase by the Secretary of the Treasury, of the Freedman's Bank and real estate and parcels of ground adjacent thereto, belonging to the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, and located on Pennsylvania Avenue.

A bill was passed for the relief of Gen. Ord.

The Senate joint resolution creating the Yorktown Virginia Centennial Commission was passed. The calendar occupied the remainder of the morning hour.

HOUSE.

Bills introduced and referred:

By Mr. WILLIS—To establish a subtreasury at Louisville.

By Mr. NEWBERRY—Providing for a Joint Commission by the United States and Great Britain to investigate the alleged false and fraudulent proof and statistics used before the Halifax Fishery Commission (it recites the allegation that certain documents presented to the Commission by the British Government contained false, fraudulent and forged statements, etc., and requests the President to call the attention of the Government of Great Britain to such allegation, and request the said Government to join with the United States in the appointment of a commission, to consist of three persons, one to be appointed by the United States, one by Great Britain, and one by the two governments cojointly, to investigate all the questions of false and fraudulent proof and documents of every kind and nature and make a report of such investigation, with the proof adduced and conclusions thereon to their respective Governments; it also authorizes the President to do all and every matter and thing to carry out the provisions of this bill; also for the appointment of a joint committee of the Senate and House to investigate the same subject.

By Mr. FORD—A resolution declaring it the option of the House that every interest demands the immediate construction of telegraph lines by the Government, and requesting the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads to report a bill for the construction of such telegraph lines as may be necessary to protect the people from monopoly. The Speaker ruled the resolution was not in order, under the call of States, and it was not admitted.

AN OIL FIRE

Threatens a Whole Town.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 18.—About half-past two this morning one of the tanks of the Atlantic City Oil Refinery, at Point Breeze, exploded with terrific force, and the burning oil was scattered in every direction. The concussion broke window s a mile distant, and the flames spread rapidly, not only to adjoining tanks but to the wharf and shipping. Four tanks soon took fire, and a number of vessels which are aground in the Schuylkill were quickly ablaze. A dispatch from the immediate vicinity at 9:15 A. M. says the entire place is on fire.

At 11 o'clock the report that the shipping is on fire seems premature. It is now stated that all vessels were intact at 9 o'clock. There are two loaded vessels in the stream, however, opposite the works, which are burning, namely, the "Competitor," with filled cases and the "Maryland" with filled barrels. One of the City ice boats has gone to their assistance. The wharves are all in flames and employes have been compelled to leave the offices.

The fire originated in an agitator. The explosion was heard and felt at extreme northern points in this City and as far down the river as Chester. The last great fire at the works occurred in June, '78. All the shedding along the wharves is now on fire, and the destruction of the whole works greatly depends upon the force and direction of the wind.

AT 12:00 M.

The fire is now under control. As the vessels were removed from danger, the flames were confined chiefly to the ware house and wharves. There were stored in the warehouse 11,000 cases of oil. The Standard Oil Company insures its own property from its reserve fund.

A HORRIBLE CRIME

Perpetrated by a Michigan Woman.

DETROIT, Jan. 18.—A shocking tragedy was enacted at Lapeer, a village 70 miles north of Detroit, last evening. While the people were at church Mrs. Bernard went to the house of Rev. E. Curtis, a Baptist pastor, and attacked his wife, an old lady about 65, threw her down, poured gasoline over her clothing, and set it on fire. She was so horribly burned that she lived but a few hours. Mr. Curtis, until last year pastor at Greenville, this State, for several years, and Mrs. Barnard came to Lapeer a few weeks ago from Greenville where she lives, being the wife of quite a prominent lumberman and a woman of about 40 years of age. She has been busy meantime attending meeting, mingling in general society but giving no intimation of any ill-will towards her victim. It is believed by many that she is insane from religious excitement, but others think it a case of downright wickedness. She is under arrest.

THAT AWFUL CONSOLIDATION.

The New York Cotton Exchange Makes a Protest.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Pres. Tannehill of the Cotton Exchange, this afternoon called to order a well attended meeting, to protest against the great telegraphic consolidation. He stated that means were to be devised whereby the Exchange might become independent of the consolidation. S. Ranger presented a preamble and resolutions, protesting against the consolidation. The Exchange, they say, looks with alarm upon the consolidation, as increased rates will be necessary to pay dividends upon the immense amount of shares allotted to each company.

To Avoid Detection.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 15.—Several days ago a sealskin sacque was stolen out of the store of William Powell, the hatter on Fourth street. Mr. Powell traced the cloak to a certain man, and threatened to arrest him. The fellow assured Powell that if he would be in front of the Queen City Club last night at 9 o'clock alone he'd return him the cloak, otherwise he'd never get it. Powell was at the tryst last night, and promptly on time, not one, but a crowd of from 15 to 20 well-dressed men came up the pavement. One stepped up to Powell and handed him a package. Then he joined the crowd and walked away with them. The package contained the sealskin cloak.

She was too Soon For Him.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 48. — George Hines, aged 55, residing near Gaystone, Stainless County, yesterday put a revolver in his pocket and saying to his partner, "I am going to have that girl or I will kill her," proceeded to the residence of Lizzie Kuene, a girl of 18, living with her widowed mother there. He renewed a former proposal of marriage to the young lady, but meeting with a firm though kind refusal, said, "I will kill you," and drew the pistol. Miss Kuene anticipated him with a shot gun conveniently at hand and lodged a charge in his head, killing him.

A Desperate Feat.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Arrangements were concluded yesterday at the office of a sporting paper in this City by which Donaldson, the submarine diver who jumped from High bridge into the Harlem river last Summer binds himself to jump from the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls into the water beneath on the 24th of May next. The desperate feat is to be attempted on a wager of $250 by Lonaldson against $500 by J. Tilley, of Niagara, New York.

NEW SENATORS

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—The Republican Legislative caucus renominated H. L. Dawes for United States Senator.

CONKLING'S MAN ALL RIGHT.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The House to-day balloted for a candidate for United States Senator, with the following result: Thomas C. Platt, 79; Francis Kernan, 44. The Speaker announced Thomas C. Platt nominated.

BAYARD CAPTURES DELAWARE.

DOVER, Del., Jan. 18.—Thomas F. Bayard has been re-elected United States Senator, all Democrats voting for him. Seven Republican Representatives and one Republican Senator voted for Anthony Higgins, of Wilmington, a leading party man and ex-United States District Attorney.

PLUCKY HALE, OF MAINE.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 18.—The Legislature nominated Eugene Hale for United States Senator. The vote was: Senate—Hale, 22; Joseph L. Smith, 8; Harris M. Plaisted, 1, cast by Smith; House—Hale, 84; Smith, 64. Three members were absent. The election will be declared to-morrow.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 18.—Every member was in his seat at noon to-day, when one ballot for the United States Senatorship was cast in the respective Houses. In the Senate the ballot stood: Maynard, 8; Savage, 6; Bailey, 5; Muse, 2; James, 1; Taylor, 1; Bate, 2. House: Maynard, 33; Bailey, 17; Savage, 17; Muse, 4; Bright, 2; Wilson, 1; Edwards, 1. Necessary to a choice, 51.

HAWLEY IN CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Jan. 18.—Gen. Joseph R. Hawley was to-day elected United States Senator by both Houses of the Legislature for six years from March 4th next. The vote in the Senate was: Hawley, 16; Eaton, 4; absent, 1 Democrat. The vote in the House was: Hawley, 161; Eaton, 68; absent, 11 Democrats and 7 Republicans. One Greenbacker, one Democrat and one Independent voted for Hawley. The election of Hawley will be formally made in joint convention to-morrow. The result is greeted with great satisfaction by the people of this City.

CONGER ELECTED IN MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Jan. 18.—The Michigan Legislature elected as United States Senator this forenoon, for the unexpired term of Sen. Chandler ending March 4th. Sen. Baldwin, the present incumbent by Gubernatorial appointment, was chosen, the vote standing in the Senate, Baldwin 23, O. M. Barnes 1; in the House, Baldwin 83, George P. Sandford 13.

For the full term begining March 4th, the vote stood, in the Senate, O. D. Conger 28, Geo. V. N. Lathrop 2; in the House, Conger 83, Lathrop 13. The two Houses meet in joint session to-morrow simply to announce and ratify the above result.

ON TO MENTOR.

Sec. Sherman and Sen. Allison Call on Garfield.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 17.—Sec. Sherman returned here from Mentor late yesterday afternoon. When asked concerning the significance of his visit there, he answered that being in Ohio, he simply called upon Gen. Garfield, and they talked over matters and things which came up. He said if he had anything to say about the conference which would interest the public, he would frankly tell it to the representative of the associated press; but he had nothing to say. He said he should go home to Mansfield to-day and remain in Ohio till the latter part of the week, then return to Washington.

Sen. Allison, of Iowa, will go to Mentor to-day. In an interview he said he has had no intimation of being appointed Secretary of the Treasury, but the Congressmen of Iowa and the people of the Northwest believe Hon. James Wilson, of Iowa, should have a place in the Cabinet. He added: "In connection with my visit to Mentor I expect to say something about Mr. Wilson, and the wishes of our people in regard to him."

AH SHANG'S SPOUSE.

The First Chinese Divorce Suit in California Courts.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 18.—The first Chinese divorce case in the legal annals of the State is up in Court to-day. A pretty young Chinese woman named Ah Shoa, applied through counsel for a divorce from her husband, Ah Shang, now in China. Her complaint sets forth that on February 25, 1879, she was married by a Justice of the Peace in this City, but after three months of wedded happiness the groom suddenly left for China on business, as he said, first placing her in a mission school here. She admits being 27 years old, and says her husband is 25. She asks, a divorce on the ground of desertion. The case excited much interest in Court, and the talk was that the Chinaman had been paid to leave for China, so that the suit could be brought, and the woman sold to another husband.

ONE BY ONE

The Four Guilty Men Go.

MEMPHIS, Jan. 17.—Cal Huey was hanged Friday afternoon at Osceola, Ark., for the murder of John Broadway, in Crittenden County, in the fall of 1879. Huey was one of a party of four who entered the house of Broadway masked and killed him, because he refused to give up money the masked men thought he had in his possession. Of the concerned in the murder two, Jeffreys and Patier, are still at large. L. L. Ford was hanged at Marion, Ark., on the 28th of last June. Four hundred people witnessed the execution. The condemned denied complicity in the killing. The body hanged 18 minutes before it was cut down. Deceased has a wife and six children residing near Belmont, Mo.

Fighting Cold with Coffee.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The New York Coffee House Company, of which J. W. Drexel is President and M. K. Jesup Treasurer, reasoning that "hot coffee is better than whisky in cold weather," has established three stations for supplying car drivers and conductors. These are at the City Hall, the Battery and at the foot of Grand streets. At these points there is a daily total of 3,000 car arrivals. For the last two or three days cups of coffee have been given away at these places, to the great satisfaction of the recipients of the company's bounty. To-day, however, the company will begin to sell the coffee at two cents per cup. Its members hope to be able to make this a regular business in Winter at these points, while in Summer they propose to furnish cool drinks.

The Philadelphia Exposition to Be Wound Up.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15.—The Directors of the Permanent Exhibition have decided to recommend to the shareholders that the show be closed, the buildings sold and the affairs of the concern wound up.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Is a combination of Hypophosphites, originated by me in Canada while under the process of pulmonary consumption, and which has since been employed by the medical profession throughout America and England with unprecedented success.

It contains the elements essential to the animal organization, the oxidizing agents and tonics.

In combination with the stimulating agent phosphorus, possessing the merit of being slightly alkaline, and is dispensed in the convenient and palatable form of syrup.

Its effects are usually visible within 24 hours, and are marked by a stimulation of the appetite, the digestion and assimilation, entering directly into the circulation; it tones the nerves and muscles; exerts a healthy action of the secretions; neither disturbs the stomach nor injures the system under prolonged use, and may be discontinued at any time without inconvenience.

In a word, it possesses the stimulants to arouse the strength; the tonics to retain it, and merit of a high degree.

Very respectfully,

JAMES L. FELLOWS.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, January 19, 1881.

The money market in New York during the week did not work as easily as was anticipated, the gigantic operations in stocks being the cause. Foreign Exchanges were firm. Governments were firm, especially for 4's and 4½'s. State Securities dull. The dealings at the Stock Exchange embraced the most gigantic speculative operations ever known in the history of the Exchange, the volume of business reaching enormous proportions, even unequalled by the the palmiest days of war inflation.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 5@6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@5½ per cent. Bar, silver, 110¾c. Exchange steady at 483½ for long and 486½ for sight. Government Bonds quiet and unchanged. 1881 registered, 101¾; coupons, 101¾; new fives, registered, 100½; coupons, 101¾; new four-and-a-halfs, registered, 112¾; coupons, 112¾; new fours, registered, 113½; coupons, 113¾. State Bonds dull and nominal. Railroad bonds in fair demand. Since 11 o'clock the stock market has been fair, irregular and unsettled.

The statement of the New York Associated Banks is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans	$	$1,215,500
Specie	.....	3,513,600
Legal tenders	.....	1,858,700
Deposits	.....	6,589,100
Circulation	1,300	.....
Reserve	.....	3,735,025

The banks now hold $8,074,400 in excess of legal requirements.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
Old Tennessee's	48	47½	47½	47⅝	43½	48
New Tennessee's	47	45½	46½	47	45	46¾
Old Virginia's	31	31	31	31	31	31
New Virginia's	31	31	31	31	31	32
Missouri 6's	108½	109	108	109	108¾	109
Louisiana 7's	53½	54	54	54	53¾	55½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 1881	101⅜	101⅝	101⅝	101⅝	101⅛	101⅜
U. S. 5's, new	101⅜	101⅜	101⅝	101⅝	101⅛	101⅜
U. S. new 4½'s	112⅜	112⅛	112⅜	112⅜	112	112⅛
U. S. new 4's	113⅜	112⅞	113	113⅛	113⅜	113⅛
Sterling, sight	99⅛	99¾	99⅛	99¾	99⅝	99¾
Sterling, 60 days	98⅞	98¾	98⅜	98¾	98⅝	98⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	128	130	130	130	130	130

DRY GOODS.

The past week was a quiet one in the dry goods trade, which was to be expected after a season of activity, as a lull always occurs between seasons. The business, however, was fully up to expectations, and quite satisfactory. The season of 1881, about to open, promises to be one of unusual activity and jobbers are preparing themselves accordingly. Values are steady, with a firm tone prevailing. Stocks in the hands of retailers in the interior are not large, and since it is known that prices are not likely to rule any lower than at present on staple goods, it is expected that there will be but little hesitancy on the part of the retail trade to lay in full stocks for the coming season.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, of latest date, says: We have again to notice a very quiet wool market, the sales of all kinds amounting to 1,362,000 ℔s, which, although fully equal to the transactions of last week, is a comparatively small business for this market. Buyers, however, were more numerous the last two days of the week, and indications point to a much larger business next week. The sales of fleeces have not been to any extent. In unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces there appears to be a fair business doing, and the demand runs largely on medium grades. California wool has been comparatively quiet. Pulled wools have been in fair demand. There has been a steady demand for delaine and combing fleeces.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio, and Pennsylvania X, XX and No. 1, 47½@48c; Michigan X and No. 1, 44@50c; combing and delaine, 45@50c; Territory, 23@30c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleece, 16@38c California spring, 21@37c; California fall, 16@26c; super and X pulled, 33@38c; scoured, 35@82c; rolls, —@40c; Texas, 22@37c.

The total stock of domestic and foreign wool in the three ports of Boston, New York and Philadelphia at the present time is as follows:

	Domestic, lbs.	Foreign, lbs.
Boston	17,692,200	18,659,969
New York	6,450,000	8,692,640
Philadelphia	11,104,850	1,455,859
Total	35,280,641	28,808,179

Making a total, domestic and foreign, of 63,488,100 lbs. This is a total considerably larger than was shown on the first of January, 1880; but on the other hand, a vast quantity of foreign wool was afloat for the American markets at that time, while very little is on the way here at present.

GROCERIES.

The American Grocer (N. Y.) of latest date says: The forced sales of tea which have taken place in the auction rooms since the first of December have produced a very low market for teas—so low that we do not look for another decline. We do not look for much, if any, advance for some time to come, because the stock is very large. Coffee—Demand continues slow, and prices rule easier. Sugar—The demand is firm, with prices steady.

Messrs. Legru and Lavalle have recently arrived at Montreal from France, and are prepared to carry out their contracts in erecting beet-root sugar factories in five places in that province. The first will be erected at Berthier, and will give employment to 120 persons, turning out 2,272,000 lbs of sugar annually. The stock of the company is said to have been subscribed in Paris.

LUMBER.

Nothing new to chronicle in the lumber business. Trade light. Prices firm and unchanged.

HARDWARE, ETC.

The trade in hardware has been fairly good in both heavy and shelf hardware, and while no special change has occurred, there is a firm feeling in all departments.

OILS.

The production of petroleum in the Pennsylvania oil field during 1880 was larger than ever before, the most reliable estimates putting it at a little over 68,000 barrels per day; in December it was a little over 70,000 barrels per day. The foreign exports have fallen off largely; this is attributed not to any decrease in foreign consumption or any serious rivalry of foreign production, but to exports over for ign consumption in 1879, which left large stocks in foreign markets, which have been materially reduced during the past year.

Joseph Nimmo, jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, furnishes the following statement, showing the exports of petroleum and petroleum products from the principal and all other ports of the United States, during the month of November, 1880, and during the 11 months ended the same, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year:

	Total Gals.	Value.
Boston	334,805	$ 96,268
New York	19,278,167	2,866,971
Philadelphia	2,566,317	294,899
Baltimore	482,073	55,919
San Francisco	16,780	4,000
Barzos de Tantiago	17,600	3,589
All other districts	1,000,000	12,354
Total for November, 1880	22,784,742	$ 3,434,002
" " 1879	28,424,810	3,408,213
Total for 11 months ended November, 1880	318,315,137	31,461,307
Total for 11 months ended November, 1879	378,651,812	33,256,030

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The trade in boots and shoes in Boston was quite light during the past week, and the general testimony of manufacturers is that business is dull for the season. In New York most of the trade have finished taking an account of stock and are now prepared for the new season's business. A few scattering orders for winter goods are still coming in, but none of large proportions. But little change has occurred in the market since the previous week. Business in Philadelphia has been less active. Extreme cold weather and storms have kept buyers from the South, Southwest and Western sections of the country out of the market.

Brain and Nerve Food.

VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 300,000 PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF MENTAL AND NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION. IT IS THE BEST KNOWN RESTORATIVE OF CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISEASES OF DEBILITY. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS AND AGED. IT STRENGTHENS CHILDREN AND ADULTS. BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH THE FOOD THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE.

For 8s. Druggists or mail $1.00. F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Sixth ave., N. Y.

FISH.

Salt water fish are in steady demand. Lake fish, both salt and fresh, are firm and in good demand.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says: "The sixth annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau, just received, shows that the total catch of mackerel by the Massachusetts fleet is the largest since 1874, amounting to 205,486 bbls. This season's catch has been exceeded but ten times since 1804. The total catch by the New England fleet is 249,674 inspected barrels, a gain over the previous year of 90,861 bbls on the Massachusetts catch, and total gain of 129,075 bbls. In addition to our own large catch, there have been imported at this port from the provinces 105,780 bbls, against 84,218 the previous year. The total Massachusetts catch of codfish has been 471,050 quintals, and the New England catch 647,220 quintals."

HIDES—LEATHER.

The market for hides is exceedingly dull. Tanners East have almost ceased buying.

The Weekly Leather Circular of Palen, Nelson & Co., New York, says: "We have a quiet market for both hemlock sole and Union tanned leather the past week. * * There is not an excessive quantity of leather in the market, but supplies are sufficient to afford buyers good opportunities to make selections. Prices are steady.

HOG PRODUCTS.

There is a strong tone to the market for all kinds of hog products. Dressed Hogs showed a steady improvement throughout the week. All weights in this market bring $5 75.

The BLADE's telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, Jan. 18.—The Mark Lane Express says: The lower temperature, with the protection afforded by the snow, benefits the growing crops. The dry frost favors threshing. The deliveries of breadstuffs were greatly improved in quality and quantity, and consequently trade was little changed during the week. The demand was slow, and an attempt to raise prices failed. In London prices were maintained, but trade throughout was dull and limited. Other descriptions of British grain were exceptionally quiet. Foreign breadstuffs dull and quiet. Off coast hung on hand till Saturday, when there was better inquiry. Cargoes slow and weak, but rather firmer at the close. Spot demand a little improved, but rates unchanged. Business has been of the quietest. Foreign flour unchanged; buyers operate slowly. The expected supplies from America and Russia largely exceed the consumptive demand; rates, therefore, are likely to decline. The best malting barleys have been in request, but rates are unchanged. Inferior descriptions slow. Foreign slow and holders firm at the close. Forward positions slightly improved. Oats quiet, but values improved 3@6d. Foreign firm, but demand slow at a similar advance. Maize in better spot supply. The prospective supply is large. Values improved 3d at London and Liverpool. Round corn unchanged and slow. Sales of English wheat during the week, 20,910 qrs, at 42s.1d ℔ qr., against 32,871 qrs. at 45s.11d for the corresponding week last year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending Jan. 8, 1,150,882 cwts. wheat and 324,215 cwts. flour.

The week just closed was remarkable for the absence of speculative interest in the wheat markets of the country. The sameness each day became quite monotonous to dealers, and there was nothing in the condition of the market to justify a quick movement in grain. There was a small decline in the closing days of the week, but there was nothing to warrant a downward turn, and the chipping off that occurred may be attributed more to the disinclination of merchants to operate than from any other cause. The only intelligence that has come to hand to alter the price of grain is that from Australia, which should tend to strengthen views a little, as it is said the crop there will be less both in quality and quantity than last season. This disarranges the calculations of English statisticians, who have been laying much stress upon the out-turn of the harvests in New Zealand, Australia and Chili to counteract any upward tendency in the American markets. The reser